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THE POEMS

OF

EDMUND WALLER

VOL. II.

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EDMUND WALLER

EDITED BY

G. THORN DRURY.

NEW EDITION.

VOL. II

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POEMS.

UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

SOME ages hence, for it must not decay,
The doubtful wonderers at this piece, will say
Such Helen was! and who can blame the boy
That in so bright a flame consumed his Troy?
But had like virtue shined in that fair Greek,
The amorous shepherd had not dared to seek
Or hope for pity; but with silent moan,
And better fate, had perished alone.

WRITTEN IN MY LADY SPEKE'S SINGING-BOOK.

HER fair eyes, if they could see
What themselves have wrought in me,
Would at least with pardon look
On this scribbling in her book:
If that she the writer scorn,
This may from the rest be torn,
With the ruin of a part,
But the image of her graces
Fills my heart and leaves no spaces.

OF A LADY WHO WRIT IN PRAISE OF MIRA.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own;
And when she would another's praise indite,
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

TO ONE MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN.

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitched with some ill charms!)
Be buried in those monumental arms,
All we can wish is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night.

AN EPIGRAM ON A PAINTED LADY WITH ILL TEETH.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted, should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grossly woven and ill set,
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lyce must not show
If she would bite; her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabused when first she gapes;
The rotten bones discovered there,
Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too;[1]
Thy wit repeated does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies, formed by any Muse but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.

1.—This is the reading of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, 1647. Waller's 1664, and subsequent editions, *All our good plays, and all those other too.* 1645, *All these good plays, but those others too.*

What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Outdone by thine, in what themselves have worn;
The impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspasia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic strain essayed,
Deterred by that inimitable Maid;
And when I venture at the comic style,
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muse at once improved and marred
Our sport in plays, by rendering it too hard!
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;
But if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axletree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

ON HIS TAKING THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHYSIC AT PADUA, IN THE YEAR 1646.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children strove,
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove,
Pallas and Mars stood by their sovereign's side,
And their bright arms in his defence employed;
While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,
Descending from their so distempered seat,
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.
There first Apollo tried the various use
Of herbs, and learned the virtues of their juice,
And framed that art, to which who can pretend
A juster title than our noble friend?
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad.
This crowns him here, and in the bays so earned,
His country's honour is no less concerned,
Since it appears not all the English rave,
To ruin bent; some study how to save;
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, great friend! suppose that thy great skill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,
Their spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

TO MY LADY MORTON, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1650.

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;
Still as they pass, they court and smile on you,
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.
To the fair Villiers we Dalkeith prefer,[1]
And fairest Morton now as much to her;
So like the sun's advance your titles show,
Which as he rises does the warmer grow.
But thus to style you fair, your sex's praise,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
From armed foes to bring a royal prize,
Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us passion when her story's read,
What may the living do, which brought away,
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey;
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatched her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand?
A brand! preserved to warm some prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.

1.—1682, *did prefer.*

So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shroud
The hope of Rome, and save him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and their triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore.
Born in the storms of war, this royal fair,
Produced like lightning in tempestuous air,
Though now she flies her native isle (less kind,
Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the British throne;
Where peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.

Written in France.

THUS the wise nightingale that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when storms and winter come,
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,
To foreign groves does her old music bring.
The drooping Hebrews' banished harps, unstrung
At Babylon upon the willows hung;
Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage, than in singing well;
Whilst, unconcerned, you let your country know,
They have impoverished themselves, not you;
Who, with the Muses' help, can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and disorder states.
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;
Where he so sung, that we, through pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such, in thy behalf, shall be
The indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curse does bring;

Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told,
Like new-stamped coin made out of Angel gold;
Such truth in love as the antique world did know,
In such a style as courts may boast of now;
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
Mars, nor Bellona, are not named here,
But such a Gondibert as both might fear;
Venus had here, and Hebe been outshined
By thy bright Birtha and thy Rodalind.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods!
Whose deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the sovereign crown;
Such as of flesh composed, by flesh and blood,
Though not resisted, may be understood.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS, AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scotch, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, (that has placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction does on Britain smile;
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blessed,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest;
What may be thought impossible to do
For[1] us, embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble, or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

1.—Quarto, *By*.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seat [1] arrive;
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth has all that Nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to her [2] Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims;
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds;
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

1.—Quarto, *seas.* 2.—Quarto, *the.*

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince, too,
France-conquering Henry flourished, and now you;
For whom we stayed, as did the Grecian[1] state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserved for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against the unwarlike-Persian,[2] and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoil than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquered, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, armed with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,[3]
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confined,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind;
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate has allowed them place.

1.—Quarto, *Trojan.* 2.—Quarto, *Persians.*
3.—Quarto, *name.*

Preferred by conquest, happily o'erthrown,[1]
Falling they[2] rise, to be with us made one;
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquished foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanced to be a portion of our state;
While by your valour and your courteous[3] mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are joined.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our outguard on the continent;
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the arts[4] of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone;
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

1.—Quarto, *overthrown.* 2.—Quarto, *you.*
3.—Quarto, *bounteous.* 4.—Quarto, *acts.*

To pardon willing, and to punish loath,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both;
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate, or error, had our age misled,
And o'er these nations[1] such confusion spread,
The only cure, which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much power and clemency[2] in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine;
The meanest in your nature, mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wondered how you hid in peace
A mind[3] proportioned to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons should live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country called you forth,
Your flaming courage, and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

1.—Quarto, *this nation.* 2.—Quarto, *piety.*
3.—Quarto, *Amid.*

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene! when, without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him fell[1] back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence, and wars,
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquered world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

1.—Quarto, *went*.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil oppressed,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace;
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns stormed, of armies overrun,[1]
And[2] mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse.
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my lord; we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquished nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

1.—Quarto, *overcome.* 2.—Quarto, *Of.*

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. WASE.

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

THUS, by the music, we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go,
Through groves that on Parnassus grow.

The Muses all the chase adorn;
My friend on Pegasus is borne;
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read
How to choose dogs for scent or speed,
And how to change or[1] mend the breed;

What arms to use, or nets to frame,
Wild beasts to combat or to tame;
With all the mysteries of that game.

1.—1654, *and.*

But, worthy friend! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,
That man, so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of beasts alone

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees from sun to sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text
To tell how modern beasts are vexed.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage;

Since none does more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can show
Those arts which you so early know.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse Liber :
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quod Anglo
Romanus didicit cultius ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit,
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto !
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic instructus, et arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera ; discordes Flandria quassa monet.
Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator ;
Qui regnant, leni sceptra tenere manu.
Macte, Comes ! virtute novâ, vestri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui !
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER EVELYN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

THAT chance and atoms make this all
In order democratical,
Where bodies freely run their course,
Without design, or fate, or force,
In English verse Lucretius sings,
As if with Pegasean wings,
He soared beyond our utmost sphere
And other worlds discovered there;
His boundless and unruly wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has removed those bars
Of heaven and earth and seas and stars,
By which she was before supposed,
By moderate wits, to be enclosed,
Till his free muse threw down the pale,
And did at once dispark them all.
So vast this argument did seem,
That the wise author did esteem
The Roman language (which was spread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)

Too weak, too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This speaks thy glory, noble friend!
And British language does commend;
For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his music, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid translated, Virgil too,
Showed long since what our tongues could do;
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spared;
Only Lucretius was too hard.
Lucretius, like a fort, did stand
Untouched, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear;
A garland! made of such new bays,
And sought in such untrodden ways,
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's, and your own!

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN, AND A FIGHT AT SEA.

Now, for some ages, had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain;
While she bid war to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of nature's bounty men forebore to taste,
And the best portion of the earth lay waste,
From the new world her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old;
Feeding with these the bribed Electors' hopes,
Alone she gave us emperors and popes;[1]
With these accomplishing her vast designs,[2]
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.
When Britain, looking with a just disdain[3]
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue[4] did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
And now some months, encamping on the main,

1.—*She made at pleasure Emperors and Popes.* MS. in a copy of the edition of 1664 that belonged to Col. Cunningham. (See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, ix. 192.) This and the preceding line do not occur in the folio.

2.—*With these advancing her unjust designs.* Col. Cunningham's copy.

3.—*When our Protector looking with disdain.* Ibid.

4.—*Her native force and virtue,* folio.

Our naval army had besieged Spain;
They that the whole world's monarchy designed,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined;
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
  Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the inconstant sky;[1]
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.
  Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,
And hoped their European coasts to find
Cleared from our ships by the autumnal wind;
Their huge capacious galleons stuffed with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly towards their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite[2] a barge;
This heard some ships of ours, (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew;
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
  Arrived, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day;
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.

1.—This and the preceding line do not occur in the folio.
2.—Folio, *call forth*.

Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die;
Born under different stars one fate they have,
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!
Bold were the men which[1] on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst;
More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sailed from near the Antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruined be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea!
What they would spare, our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleased to thunder, part the fray;
Here, heaven[2] in vain that kind retreat should sound,
The louder cannon had the thunder drowned.
Some, we made prize; while others, burned and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went;
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store,
As avarice had digged for it before;
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep

1.—Folio, *who.* 2.—Folio, *Heaven here.*

From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now, into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies;
The Marquis (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element;
Then laid him by his burning lady's side,
And, since he could not save her, with her died.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phœnix-like, in that rich nest they die;[1]
Alive, in flames of equal love they burned,
And now together are to ashes turned;
Ashes! more worth than all their funeral cost,
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.[2]

1.—In Col. Cunningham's copy, after this line, the following passage occurs:—

Death bitter is for what we leave behind,
But taking with us all we have is kind.
What could he more than hold for term of life,
His Indian treasures and more precious wife?
Alive, &c. . . . . lost.
Fair Venus wept, her tender hands she wrung,
That love should perish whence herself was sprung.
Her son endeavouring their lives to save,
Drenched all his feathered arrows in the wave:
Since when so slow, and so unsure they move,
That never more we may expect such love.

2.—The poem ends with this line in the folio.

These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns;
Beauty and youth about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds,
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour, and for plate,
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.[1]
With these, returns victorious Montague,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enow;
His conquering head has no more room for bays;
Then let it be as the glad nation prays;
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fixed by making him a crown;
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

1.—The poem, as reprinted in the editions of his poems published during Waller's life, ends with this line; the remaining lines appeared in Bennet's edition of "The Second Part," headed, *Some Verses belonging to a Copy in the First Part of his Poems, entitled Upon a War with Spain, and a Fight at Sea. The close of it was originally thus.*——They were again omitted in the edition of 1705.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, SIR THOS. HIGGONS,

UPON THE TRANSLATION OF "THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH."

THE winged lion's not so fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight;
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,
Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse;
But your translation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Businel.
As their small galleys may not hold compare
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air;
So does the Italian to your genius vail,
Moved with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus, while your muse spreads the Venetian story,
You make all Europe emulate her glory;
You make them blush weak Venice should defend
The cause of Heaven, while they for words contend;
Shed Christian blood, and populous cities raze,
Because they're taught to use some different phrase.
If, listening to your charms, we could our jars
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,
Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East;
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL, TRANSLATED.

Beginning
. . . . Talesque miserrima fletus
Fertque refertque soror. . . . .

And ending with
Adnixi torquent spumas, et cærula verrunt.

ALL this her weeping sister does repeat
To the stern man, whom nothing could entreat;
Lost were her prayers, and fruitless were her tears
Fate, and great Jove, had stopped his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boisterous sound
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground;
He fixed stands; as deep his root doth lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high;
No less on every side the hero pressed,
Feels love and pity shake his noble breast,
And down his cheeks though fruitless tears do roll,
Unmoved remains the purpose of his soul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate;
Her resolution to dispatch and die,
Confirmed by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, consecrate for sacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;

The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.
Besides, there stood, as sacred to her lord,
A marble temple which she much adored,
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crowned;
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound;
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb,
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increased her terror and her fall foretold;
Scorned, and deserted, to herself she seems,
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears,
And furies howl in his distempered ears;
Orestes so, with like distraction tossed,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.
Now grief and fury at their height arrive;
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved sister, with a cheerful grace,
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)
She thus deceives. "Dear sister! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies
The place where Atlas does support the skies,
Hence came an old magician, that did keep
The Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep;
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,
And, where she lists, make calmest minds to grieve:
The course of rivers, or of heaven, can stop,

And call trees down from the airy mountain's top.
Witness, ye Gods! and thou, my dearest part!
How loath I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruin did embrace;
With all the reliques of our impious guest,
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be dressed;
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we
May rase the man out of our memory."
  Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which she doth those sacred rites pretend.
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her; and now, heaped high,
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round,
So by herself was her own funeral crowned!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair
The magic prophetess begins her prayer:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods,
Which in the infernal shades have their abodes,
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room
With drops, supposed from Lethe's lake to come.
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foaled colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands;

One tender foot was bare, the other shod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every god,
And every power, if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
  Now was the time when weary mortals steep
Their careful temples in the dew of sleep;
On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet, and deep silence fell;
But not on Dido! whose untamed mind
Refused to be by sacred night confined;
A double passion in her breast does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus she afflicts her soul: "What shall I do?
With fate inverted, shall I humbly woo?
And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?
Or shall I with the ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by sad experience! known
The perjured race of false Laomedon?
With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No;—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this[1] guilty flame.
Ah, sister! vanquished with my passion, thou
Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.
Had I been constant to Sichæus still,
And single-lived, I had not known this ill!"

1.—1658, *thy*.

Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breast,
While the Dardanian does securely rest
In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepared;
To whom once more the son of Jove appeared;
Thus seems[1] to speak the youthful deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
"Fair Venus' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,
Nor better guard in such great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!
If here thy ships the purple morning find,
Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine
With a new fleet, and fire, to ruin thine;
She meditates revenge, resolved to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly."
This said, the god in shades of night retired.
Amazed Æneas, with the warning fired,
Shakes off dull sleep, and, rousing up his men,
"Behold! the gods command our flight again
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas spread;
What god soe'er that thus vouchsaf'st to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey;
Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious!"—With that word
He cuts the cable with his shining sword;
Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,
They quit the shore, and rush into the main;
Placed on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

1.—1658, *seem'd.*

UPON THE LATE STORM, AND OF THE DEATH OF HIS HIGHNESS ENSUING THE SAME.

We must resign! Heaven his great soul does claim
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame;
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tossed
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
New Rome in such a tempest missed her king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping.
On Œta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruined oaks and pines about him spread;
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there;[1]
Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying hero from the continent
Ravished whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his last legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which so long our hopes confined,
Could give no limits to his vaster mind;

1.—This and the preceding line do not occur in the broadside, or in Wither's *Salt upon Salt* (1659), where Waller's lines are quoted "according to the Author's printed copy."

Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
Nor hath he left us prisoners to our isle;
Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
From civil broils he did us disengage,
Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
And, with wise conduct, to his country showed
Their ancient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.
Princes, that feared him, grieve, concerned to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swelled the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows rolled,
The approaching fate of her great ruler told.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.
But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendour of your state,

(Wrapped up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,
That if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from the excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre. The revolted sea
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She, with the weight of her own force, would sink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This giant isle has got her eye again.
Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now your thunder shall.
Princes that saw you, different passions prove,
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning filled,
And his bright rays, was with amazement killed.

And though it be our sorrow, and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign;
For, having viewed the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,
You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice, taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoyed,
Is the whole night for our concern employed;
He ripens spices, fruits, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.
This seat of yours (from the other world removed)
Had Archimedes known, he might have proved
His engine's force fixed here. Your power and skill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.
Much suffering monarch! the first English born
That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age?
Till (your tried virtue, and your sacred word,
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies and fleets which kept you out so long,
Owned their great sovereign, and redressed his wrong.
When straight the people, by no force compelled,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,

And, with a noble rage, their King require;
So the injured sea, which from her wonted course,
To gain some acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel stay;
Raging, the late got land she overflows,
And all that's built upon't, to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin.
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.
If then such praise the Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,
What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravelled interests; has the knot untied,
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,
Where craft and malice such impeachments laid?
But while we praise you, you ascribe it all
To His high hand, which threw the untouched wall
Of self-demolished Jericho so low;
His angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tamed savage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.
Thus patience crowned, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends;
For, though your courage were so firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the shock?
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,
And pitied those who love with frailty showed.
Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,

Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace
That suffers best. What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crowned?
The next experience of your mighty mind
Is how you combat fortune, now she's kind.
And this way, too, you are victorious found;
She flatters with the same success she frowned.
While to yourself severe, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confined,
Of this vast empire you possess the care,
The softer part falls to the people's share.
Safety, and equal government, are things
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.
Faith, law, and piety, (that banished train!)
Justice and truth, with you return again.
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
But, above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again!
Kind Heaven at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

> Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,
> Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
> Clarorum apparent[1] . . . .

1.—This quotation (Horace, Ep. II. i. 248) was added when the poem was reprinted in the edition of 1664.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Of the first Paradise there's nothing found;
Plants set by Heaven are vanished, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts; who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate?
  Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide;
The sea, which always served his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,
Are nature's bounty; 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.
  For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks;
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand;
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade;
The gallants dancing by the river's side;
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes;

While overhead a flock of new-sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,
Darkening the sky ;[1] they hover o'er, and shroud
The wanton sailors with a feathered cloud.
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides ;
The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters[3] with the prey they take ;
At once victorious with their lines, and eyes,
They make the fishes, and the men, their prize.
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide ;
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sovereign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry ;
The choicest things that furnished Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this park ;
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crowned,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup ;
There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,

1.—Folio, *aire*. 1664 and subsequent editions, *Darkening the sky they hover o're.*

2.—This and the preceding line do not occur in the folio.

3.—Folio, *water*.

Tempers hot July with December's frost;
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly.
Though the warm spring, his enemy, draws[1] nigh.
Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the snow,
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.
  Here, a well-polished Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely,[2] and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm[3] has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.
  Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees;
Bold sons of earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first kings reigned,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertained;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.
Free from the impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retired, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates;

1. Folio, *grows*. 2.—Folio, *comely*. 3.—1664, *aim*.

What nation shall have peace, where war be made,
Determined is in this oraculous shade;
The world, from India to the frozen north,
Concerned in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy, objects from his view receives;
The prospect, thought and contemplation gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;
The structure by a prelate raised, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's capitol;
Both, disproportioned to the present state
Of their proud founders, were approved by Fate.[1]
From hence he does that antique pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold;
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep;
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of empire! where they rise, they set.[2]
When others fell, this, standing, did presage
The crown should triumph over popular rage;
Hard by that house, where all our ills were shaped,
The auspicious temple stood, and yet escaped.
So snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and scattered cinders fly;
The distant country in the ruin shares;
What falls from heaven the burning mountain spares.

1.—Folio, *states* and *Fates*.
2.—This and the preceding line are not in the folio.

Next, that capacious hall he sees, the room
Where the whole nation does for justice come;
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And judges grave, on high tribunals, frown.
Here, like the people's pastor he does go,[1]
His flock subjected to his view below;
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find;
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks;
How peaceful olive may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade;
Or, how his brows may be with laurel charged,
For nations conquered, and our bounds enlarged.
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,[2]
Of rising kingdoms, and of falling states;
What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame,
And how Alcides purchased such a name.
His eyes, upon his native palace bent,
Close by, suggest a greater argument.
His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that star expect
Which at his birth appeared, to let us see
Day, for his sake, could with the night agree;

1.—Folio, *Here he does like the people's pastor go.*
2.—Folio, *meditates.*

A prince, on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heaven, or high extracted blood
Could promise, or foretell, he will make good;
Reform these nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair park, from what it was before.

TO THE QUEEN, UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

AFTER HER HAPPY RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS SICKNESS.

FAREWELL the year! which threatened so
The fairest light the world can show.
Welcome the new! whose every day,
Restoring what was snatched away
By pining sickness from the fair,
That matchless beauty does repair
So fast, that the approaching spring,
(Which does to flowery meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all she had before.
But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a danger past;
We that esteemed you sent from heaven,
A pattern to this island given,
To show us what the blessed do there

And what alive they practised here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We saw so near destruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet, as not secure.
So though the sun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipse set free,
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
But that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help so near
For all the evil you can prove,
The kindness of your royal love;
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserved for you, more dear,
More prized, than all those kingdoms were!
For when no healing art prevailed,
When cordials and elixirs failed,
On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
Revived you like a dying flower.

Nunc itaque et versus et cætera ludicra pono,
Quid verum, *atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*[1]

1.—Horace, Ep. I. i. 10.

TO A FAIR LADY, PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE ! that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place ;
A fury's arm, an angel's face !

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this and by her coldness barred,
Her servants have a task too hard ;
The tyrant has a double guard !

Thrice happy snake ! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep ; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve ! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake ;
A marble one so warmed would speak.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

FOR THE DRAWING OF THE POSTURE AND PROGRESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES AT SEA, UNDER THE COMMAND OF HIS HIGHNESS-ROYAL; TOGETHER WITH THE BATTLE AND VICTORY OBTAINED OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the sea, that portion which between
The greater world and this of ours is seen;
Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,
Vast floating armies! both prepared to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who should[1] reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquered main.
Make Heaven concerned, and an unusual star
Declare the importance of the approaching war.
Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all
The English youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct showed.
His bright sword now a dearer interest draws,
His brother's glory, and his country's cause.
Let thy bold pencil hope and courage spread
Through the whole navy, by that hero led;

1.—Folio, *shall.*

Make all appear, where such a Prince is by,
Resolved to conquer, or resolved to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud sails swell more than with the wind;
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a lion in their way.
Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind
Ask his consent to use the sea and wind.
While his tall ships in the barred channel stand,
He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an east wind, and make it blow away
The excuse of Holland for their navy's stay;
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to shun,
Through the cold north and rocky regions run.
To find the coast where morning first appears,
By the dark pole the wary Belgian steers;
Confessing now he dreads the English more
Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;
While from our arms, security to find,
They fly so far, they leave the day behind.
Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose,
Disarmed of that from which their courage grows;
While the glad English, to relieve their toil,

In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.
His high command to Afric's coast extend,
And make the Moors before the English bend;
Those barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, such as we are pleased to give.
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know
We can our own and their great business do;
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,
Which, worse than tempests, did infest the main.
Within those Straits, make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a small squadron of the English meet;
Like falcons these, those like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.[1]
There paint confusion in a various shape;
Some sink, some yield; and, flying, some escape.
Europe and Africa, from either shore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight so, deserve to rule the sea.
But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,
And place our navy by the Holland shore;
The world they compassed, while they fought with Spain,
But here already they resign the main;
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way
Diffusive Nature could no region lay,

1.—*Of scatter'd Fowl, which would avoid the shock.*—Col. Cunningham's copy.

At home, preserved from rocks and tempests, lie,
Compelled, like others, in their beds to die.
Their single towns, the Iberian armies pressed;
We all their provinces at once invest;
And, in a month, ruin their traffic more
Than that long war could in an age before.
  But who can always on the billows lie?
The watery wilderness yields no supply.
Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the beauties of the British court.
The illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.
The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian Queen
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charmed with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless powers for us themselves declare,
Resolved the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
And help the nation where such beauties spring;
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes.
  Meanwhile, like bees, when stormy winter's gone,
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before the approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
  To check their pride, our fleet half-victualled goes,
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes;
Who now appear so numerous and bold,

The action worthy of our arms we hold.
A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er pressed the ocean, nor employed the wind.
Restrained a while by the unwelcome night,
The impatient English scarce attend the light.
But now the morning (heaven severely clear !)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear ;
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might see, and thus record, the fight.
As when loud winds from different quarters rush,
Vast clouds encountering one another crush ;
With swelling sails so, from their several coasts,
Join the Batavian and the British hosts.
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage ;
They, for the empire of the world they knew,
These, for the Old contend, and for the New.
At the first shock, with blood and powder stained,
Nor heaven, nor sea, their former face retained ;
Fury and art produce effects so strange,
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.
Where burning ships the banished sun supply,
And no light shines but that by which men die,
There York appears ! so prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as ancient as the sea !
Which down to him, so many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs rolled !
The great Achilles marched not to the field
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield,

And arms, had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,
But shafts and darts which the weak Phrygians threw.
Our bolder hero on the deck does stand
Exposed, the bulwark of his native land;
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,
Where massy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some power unseen those princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.
Against him first Opdam his squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the Swedes;
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;
Yet, not inclined the English ship to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his sword;
From whence a fatal volley we received;
It missed the Duke, but his great heart it grieved;
Three worthy persons from his side it tore,
And dyed his garment with their scattered gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives!
On such a theatre as this to die,
For such a cause, and such a witness by!
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,
To have his blood on such an altar laid?
The rest about him struck with horror stood,
To see their leader covered o'er with blood.

So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought ;
Before, for honour, now, revenge he fought ;
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth,
The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandoned,—and their lives !
He storms and shoots, but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too slow ;
They miss, or sweep but common souls away ;
For such a loss Opdam his life must pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ship to board,
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged vessel like an eagle shows,
When through the clouds to truss a swan she goes ;
The Belgian ship unmoved, like some huge rock
Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock.
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the business of the day ;
Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend ;
The silent ocean does the event attend,
Which leader shall the doubtful victory bless,
And give an earnest of the war's success ;
When Heaven itself, for England to declare,

Turns ship, and men, and tackle, into air.
Their new commander from his charge is tossed,
Which that young prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, swayed their infant state.
His flight towards heaven the aspiring Belgian took,
But fell, like Phaëton, with thunder strook;
From vaster hopes than his he seemed to fall,
That durst attempt the British Admiral;
From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;
That, bears the radiant ensign of the day,
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.
The Duke, (ill pleased that fire should thus prevent
The work which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest,
So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accustomed to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of heaven to see,
Never met tempest which more urged their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men;
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,

With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,
He shakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,
Widows and orphans making as they go;
Before his ship fragments of vessels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcasses are borne;
And his despairing foes, to flight inclined,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the shore; and, with a boisterous rage,
Does heaven at once, and earth, and sea engage.
  The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the watery field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But English courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight;
Their bloody task, unwearied still, they ply,
Only restrained by death, or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like showers of hail from either side are borne;
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and instruments of rage.
Death-hastening ills Nature enough has sent,
And yet men still a thousand more invent!
  But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,
So fierce at first, to favour us begun;
Brandy and wine, (their wonted friends) at length

Render them useless, and betray their strength.
So corn in fields, and in the garden, flowers,
Revive and raise themselves with moderate showers;
But overcharged with never-ceasing rain,
Become too moist, and bend their heads again.
Their reeling ships on one another fall,
Without a foe, enough to ruin all.
Of this disorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful English such advantage find,
Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,
And up the so-entangled Belgians blow.
The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then,
Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men.
The scorched Batavians on the billows float,
Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.
And now, our royal Admiral success
(With all the marks of victory) does bless;
The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,
Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquered main.
Nearer to Holland, as their hasty flight
Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,
His cannons' roar, forerunner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam;
The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock.
His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair;
Makes them deplore their scattered fleet as lost,
And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch the approaching Prince behold,
As sheep a lion leaping towards their fold;
Those piles, which serve them to repel the main,
They think too weak his fury to restrain.
"What wonders may not English valour work,
Led by the example of victorious York?
Or, what defence against him can they make,
Who, at such distance, does their country shake?
His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,
And let in both the ocean, and the foe;"
Thus cry the people;—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the deep;
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Those arms, which freed them from the Spanish yoke.
Painter! excuse me, if I have awhile
Forgot thy art, and used another style;
For, though you draw armed heroes as they sit,
The task in battle does the Muses fit;
They, in the dark confusion of a fight,
Discover all, instruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield,
Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field,
Ages to come shall know that leader's toil,
And his great name, on whom the Muses smile;
Their dictates here let thy famed pencil trace,
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the parliament, the nobles met,
And our great monarch high above them set;

Like young Augustus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at sea,
Where Egypt's Queen, and Eastern Kings o'erthrown,
Made the possession of the world his own.
Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet;
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the main;
And with a present to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

TO THE KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand,
Supreme commander both of sea and land.
Those which inhabit the celestial bower,
Painters express with emblems of their power;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.
But your great providence no colours here
Can represent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking to secure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase;
You, for these ends, whole days in council sit,
And the diversions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wisdom governed not their course;
You as the soul, as the first mover you,
Vigour and life on every part bestow;

How to build ships, and dreadful ordnance cast,
Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.
So Jove himself, when Typhon heaven does brave,
Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave,
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mixed with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks discovered your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their god;
On that small island they had looked with scorn,
And in Great Britain thought the thunderer born.

UPON HER MAJESTY'S NEW BUILDINGS AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our island bless
With princes and with palaces;
Treated so ill, chased from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;
And, with a brave revenge, do show
Their glory went and came with you.
While Peace from hence, and you were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon, and relieve.
Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove,
Though by rude hands their nests are spoiled,
There the next spring again they build.
Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war,
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolved to fix for ever here.
But what new mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This, like the first creation, shows
As if at your command it rose

Frugality and bounty too,
(Those differing virtues) meet in you;
From a confined, well-managed store,
You both employ and feed the poor.[1]
Let foreign princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing but the pay;
This, by the Queen herself designed,
Gives us a pattern of her mind;
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that royal dame.
Each part with just proportion graced,
And all to such advantage placed,
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.
She needs no weary steps ascend;
All seems before her feet to bend;
And here, as she was born, she lies;
High, without taking pains to rise.

1.—After this line,

Like him which once desir'd to know
For what good deed men us'd him so.

Col. Cunningham's copy.

EPITAPH TO BE WRITTEN UNDER THE LATIN INSCRIPTION

UPON THE TOMB OF THE ONLY SON OF THE LORD ANDOVER.

'Tis fit the English reader should be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie
Under this stone, but a whole family.
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy;
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been space and years enough allowed,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have showed,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his famed ancestors, a greater soul;
His early virtues to that ancient stock
Gave as much honour, as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing ere the frosts are passed,
To become man he made such fatal haste,
And to perfection laboured so to climb,
Preventing slow experience and time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguiled;
He's seldom old that will not be a child.

TO MR. KILLIGREW,

UPON HIS ALTERING HIS PLAY, "PANDORA," FROM A TRAGEDY INTO A COMEDY, BECAUSE NOT APPROVED ON THE STAGE.

SIR, you should rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have changed your play;
You had obliged us by employing wit,
Not to reform Pandora, but the pit;
For as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her song,
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws
The whole assembly of his fellow-daws;
So must the writer, whose productions should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould;
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse our beauty's pride!
Here we discern the frown and smile,
The force and glory of our isle.
In the rich medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique;
Carved by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold,
And Danae wondering at that shower,
Which falling, stormed her brazen tower.
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had battered been with golden rain;
Thunder itself had failed to pass;
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

THE NIGHT-PIECE;

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms;
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
  Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-placed words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
  As the bright stars, and Milky Way,

Showed by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplished mind,
Helped by the night, new graces find,
Which, by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark;
Her shining image is a light
Fixed in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care;
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwrecked by her breath;
Love, favoured once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.
So we the Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear

ON THE PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gathered flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nourished them, awhile
(Not taking notice of their fate) they smile,
And, in the hand which rudely plucked them, show
Fairer than those that to their autumn grow;
So love and beauty still that visage grace;
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marred
Those lovely features, which cold death has spared.
No wonder then he sped in love so well,
When his high passion he had breath to tell;
When that accomplished soul, in this fair frame,
No business had but to persuade that dame,
Whose mutual love advanced the youth so high,
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show
Like track of leverets in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil!
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance; but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.
A poet's fancy when he paints a wood,
By his own nation only understood,
Is as in language so in fame confined;
Not like to yours, acknowledged by mankind.
All that know Nature and the trees that grow,
Must praise the foliage expressed by you,
Whose hand is read wherever there are men:
So far the scissor goes beyond the pen.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE FOREGOING COPY WHICH FOR MANY YEARS HAD BEEN LOST.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they subdue become their spies.
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
Presented to oblige the fair;
No wonder, then, that a lost thought
Should there be found, where souls are caught.
The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men say the goddess sat)
Was lost, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.
If Virtue's self were lost, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can restore;
The heart you get returns no more.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain;
Both, bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his lines should long
Last in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art;
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin, or in Greek;
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast;
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defaced his matchless strain;
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorned that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope;
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus designed, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-lived as present love.

TO THE DUCHESS,

WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,
And with the beauties, of a former age;
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe;
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not composed, as heretofore, in haste,
Polished like marble, shall like marble last,
And make you through as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
  Though other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British muse;
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

WHEN SHE WAS TAKING LEAVE OF THE COURT AT DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise;
England first saw the light of your fair eyes;
In English, too, your early wit was shown;
Favour that language, which was then your own,
When, though a child, through guards you made your way;
What fleet or army could an angel stay?
Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain
Whom she first bred within her ambient main.
Our late burned London, in apparel new,
Shook off her ashes to have treated you;
But we must see our glory snatched away,
And with warm tears increase the guilty sea;
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We must be wrecked, and our dear treasure lose!
Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell,—
Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR, WHO LATELY WRIT A RELIGIOUS BOOK, ENTITLED, "HISTORICAL APPLICATIONS, AND OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS, UPON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.'

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety in such an age!
Who can presume to find a guard
From scorn, when Heaven's so little spared?
Divines are pardoned; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend;
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care;
For why should these let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them,
And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth, and fortune, warrant give
That such men write what they believe;
And, feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find;
I wish the throng of *Great* and *Good*
Made it less easily understood!

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, MOTHER TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE;

AND OF HER PORTRAIT, WRITTEN BY THE LATE DUCHESS OF YORK WHILE SHE LIVED WITH HER.

HEROIC nymph! in tempests the support,
In peace the glory of the British court!
Into whose arms the church, the state, and all
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,
Will think you mistress of the Indies were;
Though straiter bounds your fortunes did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine;
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,
Your treasure, as you poured it out, increased.
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,
Your native isle does with your praises ring;
But, above all, a nymph of your own train
Gives us your character in such a strain,
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.
So while we mortals here at heaven do guess,
And more our weakness, than the place, express,
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I. AT CHARING CROSS.

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his son reign where he a martyr died,
And people pay that reverence as they pass,
(Which then he wanted !) to the sacred brass,
Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue and the stone ;
But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And kings so killed rise conquerers again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

EPITAPH ON COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndish : let the marble stone,
That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his short life grace,
The grief and glory of his noble race !
Early abroad he did the world survey,
As if he knew he had not long to stay ;
Saw what great Alexander in the East,
And mighty Julius conquered in the West ;

Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occasion for his fame;
Where dark confusion did the nations hide,
And where the juster was the weaker side.
Two loyal brothers took their sovereign's part,
Employed their wealth, their courage, and their art;
The elder did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his sword.
Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels lasting honour won.
The horse, instructed by their general's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the north.
Where Ca'ndish fought, the Royalists prevailed;
Neither his courage, nor his judgment, failed.
The current of his victories found no stop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop.
Equal success had set these champions high,
And both resolved to conquer or to die.
Virtue with rage, fury with valour strove;
But that must fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell, with odds of number and of fate,
Removed this bulwark of the church and state;
Which the sad issue of the war declared,
And made his task, to ruin both, less hard.
So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,
The boundless torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers on his honoured grave!

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarin had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun,
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, she may pretend
A second time to make this nation[1] bend;
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase,
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,
And does against this new invader lead.
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,
Careless and fearless to the field does go.
Becoming blushes on the other wait,
And her young look excuses want of height.
Beauty gives courage; for she knows the day
Must not be won the Amazonian way.
Nor does her grace the better title want;
Our law's indulgent to the occupant.[2]
Legions of Beauties[3] to the battle come,
For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.

1.—Tonson, *island.*
2.—This couplet is not in Tonson's edition.
3.—Tonson, *Cupids.*

Dressed to advantage, this illustrious pair
Arrived, for combat in the list appear.
What may the Fates design ! for never yet
From distant regions two such beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And victory to declare herself seems loth;
Over the camp, with doubtful wings, she flies,
Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thousand Graces waited on the dame;
Her matchless form made all the English glad,
And foreign beauties less assurance had;
Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, contesting for the ball;
Which to determine, Love himself declined,
Lest the neglected should become less kind.
Such killing looks ! so thick the arrows fly !
That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.
Poets, approaching to describe the fight,
Are by their wounds instructed how to write.
They with less hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alsatia;
And, with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the splendour of our golden age;[1]
Where Love gives law, Beauty the sceptre sways,
And, uncompelled, the happy world obeys.

1.—Bennet, *the Golden Age.*

UPON OUR LATE LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing blossoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the succeeding years;
And hope is all which art or nature brings,
At the first trial, to accomplish things.
Mankind was first created an essay;
That ruder draught the deluge washed away.
How many ages passed, what blood and toil,
Before we made one kingdom of this isle!
How long in vain had nature striven to frame
A perfect princess, ere her Highness came!
For joys so great we must with patience wait;
'Tis the set price of happiness complete.
As a first fruit, Heaven claimed that lovely boy;
The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

OF THE LADY MARY, &c.

As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produced this sweet, this lovely dame.

To her the prince, that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has;
In action young, in council old;
Orange is, what Augustus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the same,
His flowery youth with wisdom crowned!

Empire and freedom reconciled
In Holland are by great Nassau;
Like those he sprung from, just and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice happy pair! so near allied
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now love has you together tied,
May none this triple knot undo!

The church shall be the happy place
Where streams, which from the same source run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all;
For while he thus his niece bestows,
About our isle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By the oracle's advice, of wood;
Had theirs been such as Charles has made,
That mighty state till now had stood.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, 1677.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
Skilled in the arts of war and peace;
Your birth does call you to command,
Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppressed
No longer could sustain their weight;
To a native prince they thought it best
To recommend their dying state.

Your very name did France expel;
Those conquered towns which lately cost
So little blood, unto you fell
With the same ease they once were lost.

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your sword nor fire;
But seemed willing to retreat,
And to your greatness did conspire.

Nor have you since ungrateful been,
When at Seneff you did expose,
And at Mount Cassal, your own men,
Whereby you might secure your foes.

Let Maestricht's siege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And Parthian-like their foes destroy.

Thus Fabius gained repute of old,
When Roman glory gasping lay;
In council slow, in action cold,
His country saved, running away.

What better method could you take?
When you by beauty's charms must move,
And must at once a progress make,
I' th' stratagems of war and love.

He that a princess' heart would gain,
Must learn submissively to yield;
The stubborn ne'er their ends obtain;
The vanquished masters are o' the field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like success,
Still to increase your hoped renown,
Till to your conduct and address,
Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
Could not the noble Dutch enslave;
And wiser Parma strove in vain
For to reduce a race so brave.

They now those very armies pay,
By which they were forced to yield to you;
Their ancient birthright they betray,
By their own votes you them subdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
When by such arts it is withstood?
Freedom to princes is a chain,
To all that spring from royal blood.

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION

INTO SCOTLAND IN THE SUMMER SOLSTICE, 1679.

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, the winged god,
With sword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command,
And in a moment reached that northern land,
Where day contending with approaching night,
Assists the hero with continued light.

On foes surprised, and by no night concealed,
He might have rushed; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave space,
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scotch with such a terror strook,
That to his courage they resign the field,
Who to his bounty had refused to yield.
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,
He grieves so many Britons should be lost;
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the flyers, than to win the field;
And at the Court his interest does[1] employ,

1.—Bennet, *did.*

That none, who 'scaped his fatal sword, should die.
And now, these rash bold men their error find,
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind ;
One ! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learned the arts to conquer and to save.
In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell ;
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell,
And give a secret joy to him who reigns,
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins ;
To see a leader whom he got and chose,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat,
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great,
This, ill-requited Monmouth ! is the bough
The Muses send to shade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze ;
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view,
Kept by the Muse as radiant and as new
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came ;
Thousands of years are past, and they the same ;
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame !
Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompense.
Covered with dust at one another thrown,
How can the lustre of their wit be shown ?
What Hector got for well defending Troy,
The Greeks did with the ruined town destroy.

UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

"DE ARTE POETICA;" AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought;
The poet writ to noble Piso there;
A noble Piso does instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
Britain! whose genius is in verse expressed,
Bold and sublime, but negligently dressed.
Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harps in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill-governed, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportioned wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.

The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.
  Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse;
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.
  The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
  Here taught the fate of verses (always prized
With admiration, or as much despised),
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot;
Finding new words, that to the ravished ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as, of old, wise bards employed to make
Unpolished men their wild retreats forsake;
Law-giving heroes, famed for taming brutes,

And raising cities with their charming lutes;
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportioned to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive,
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil,
Preserved in winter by their summer's toil;
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax, that does the absent sun supply.

THESE VERSES WERE WRIT IN THE TASSO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Tasso knew how the fairer sex to grace,
But in no one durst all perfection place.
In her alone that owns this book is seen
Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our princess here, as in a glass, does dress
Her well-taught mind, and every grace express.
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,
The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

OF AN ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muses ! on the hearse
Not strewing tears, but lasting verse,
Which so preserve the hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
  Chloris, in lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high renown,
That she the afflicted world relieves,
And shows that still in her he lives ;
Her wit as graceful, great, and good ;
Allied in genius, as in blood.
  His loss supplied, now all our fears
Are, that the nymph should melt in tears.
Then, fairest Chloris ! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our sake,
Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF "LUCRETIUS."

WHAT all men wished, though few could hope to see,
We are now blessed with, and obliged by thee.
Thou, from the ancient, learned Latin store,
Giv'st us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the stage
The idlest moment of thy hours engage;
Each year that place some wondrous monster breeds,
And the wit's garden is o'errun with weeds.
There, Farce is Comedy; bombast called strong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
'Tis hard to say they steal them now-a-days;
For sure the ancients never wrote such plays.
These scribbling insects have what they deserve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to starve.
That Spenser knew, that Tasso felt before;
And death found surly Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-placed laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæsar, like Augustus, kind!

But let not this disturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'st for thy delight, and not for bread;
Thou art not cursed to write thy verse with care;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from such a hand,
That has, with books, himself at free command?
Thou know'st in youth, what age has sought in vain;
And bring'st forth sons without a mother's pain.
So easy is thy sense, thy verse so sweet,
Thy words so proper, and thy phrase so fit,
We read, and read again; and still admire
Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous fire!

Pardon this rapture, sir! but who can be
Cold, and unmoved, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodness may my several faults forgive,
And by your help these wretched lines may live.
But if, when viewed by your severer sight,
They seem unworthy to behold the light,
Let them with speed in deserved flames be thrown!
They'll send no sighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying silently, your justice own.

SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,
A glorious saint, a matchless queen ;
Both named alike, both crowned appear,
The saint above, the Infanta here.
May all those years which Catherine
The martyr did for heaven resign,
Be added to the line
Of your blessed life among us here !
For all the pains that she did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleasures share !
May Heaven itself content
With Catherine the Saint !
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold !

WRITTEN ON A CARD THAT HER MAJESTY TORE AT OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value rise ;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are by that passion raised the higher.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,
While your compassion we implore;
They whom you make too fortunate,
May with presumption vex you more.

OF HER MAJESTY, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been,
How are we changed since we first saw the Queen!
She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as she was at her arrival here!
Time has commission mortals to impair,
But things celestial is obliged to spare.
  May every new year find her still the same
In health and beauty as she hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
The Infanta named, approved the royal choice;
First of our queens whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
  With like consent, and like desert, was crowned
The glorious Prince that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both! his conduct wins the day,
And her example chases vice away;
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

OF TEA, COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays ;
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
The Muse's friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS:

SPOKEN BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majestic frown,
But lay aside the greatness of your crown!
For your diversion here we act in jest,
But when we act ourselves we do our best.
You have a look which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here, and use a gentler smile!
Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while
He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the songs he does inspire.
Comedians on the stage show all their skill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are less careful, hid in this disguise;
In our own clothes more serious and more wise.
Modest at home, upon the stage more bold,
We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold;
A fault committed here deserves no scorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

PROLOGUE TO THE "MAID'S TRAGEDY."

SCARCE should we have the boldness to pretend
So long renowned a tragedy to mend,
Had not already some deserved your praise
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays
This and Philaster have the loudest fame;
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our English genius is expressed;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dressed.
Above our neighbours our conceptions are;
But faultless writing is the effect of care.
Our lines reformed, and not composed in haste,
Polished like marble, would like marble last.
But as the present, so the last age writ;
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage
Would honour this than did the Grecian stage.
Thus says our author, not content to see
That others write as carelessly as he;
Though he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to please you, he'd have the poets sweat.

In this old play, what's new we have expressed
In rhyming verse, distinguished from the rest;
That as the Rhone his hasty way does make
(Not mingling waters) through Geneva's lake,
So having here the different styles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we less rudely shall the knot untie,
Soften the rigour of the tragedy,
And yet preserve each person's character,
Then to the other this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the boxes, and the pit,
Are sovereign judges of this sort of wit.
In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people; but a play,
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.

EPILOGUE TO THE "MAID'S TRAGEDY."

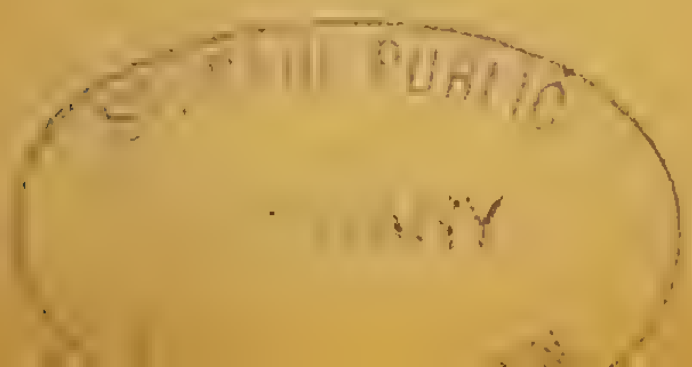
SPOKEN BY THE KING.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The king should live; be not more fierce than he;
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
When love was held so capital a crime,
That a crowned head could no compassion find,
But died—because the killer had been kind!
Nor is't less strange, such mighty wits as those
Should use a style in tragedy like prose.
Well-sounding verse, where princes tread the stage,
Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades;
And verses are the potent charms we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.
  When next we act this tragedy again,
Unless you like the change, we shall be slain.
The innocent Aspasia's life or death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
Now if we die, 'tis want of your applause.

EPILOGUE TO THE "MAID'S TRAGEDY."

DESIGNED UPON THE FIRST ALTERATION OF THE PLAY, WHEN THE KING ONLY WAS LEFT ALIVE.

ASPASIA bleeding on the stage does lie,
To show you still 'tis the *Maid's Tragedy*.
The fierce Melantius was content, you see,
The king should live; be not more fierce than he;
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,
When love was held so capital a crime,
That a crowned head could no compassion find,
But died—because the killer had been kind!
This better-natured poet had reprieved
Gentle Amintor too, had he believed
The fairer sex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition sacrificed his love.
Aspasia he has spared; but for her wound
(Neglected love!) there could no salve be found.
When next we act this tragedy again,
Unless you like the change, I must be slain.
Excess of love was heretofore the cause;
Now if I die, 'tis want of your applause.



OF THE INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS, IN THE YEAR 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.
A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the German, and, neglecting heaven,
Forget the truce for which his oath was given.
His Grand Vizier, presuming to invest
The chief imperial city of the west,
With the first charge compelled in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize;
The standard lost, and janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks, that bring these tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.
The trembling Sultan's forced to expiate
His own ill-conduct by another's fate.
The Grand Vizier, a tyrant, though a slave,

A fair example to his master gave ;
He Bassas' head, to save his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.
  The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought ;
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies ! yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great, neglecting to be just,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of dust.
  The Turks so low, why should the Christians lose
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes ?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get ?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led ;
He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.
  But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possessed,
The Christians perish, by themselves oppressed ;
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone !
  What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil ?
A prince more fit from heaven we cannot ask
Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task ;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Give him the fear and favour of mankind ;

His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is signed, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.
In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame;
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplished by his royal word,
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturbed, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to such a prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he marched into the throne;
And we owe more to heaven than to the sword,
The wished return of so benign a lord.
Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom graced,
Above her antique heroes shall be placed.
What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace,
Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain:
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

A PRESAGE OF THE RUIN OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

SINCE James the Second graced the British throne,
Truce, well observed, has been infringed by none;
Christians to him their present union owe,
And late success against the common foe;
While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our island sent,
As now he gives it to the continent.
A prince more fit for such a glorious task,
Than England's king, from Heaven we cannot ask;
He, great and good! proportioned to the work,
Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.
Such kings, like stars with influence unconfined,
Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;
Favour the innocent, repress the bold,
And, while they flourish, make an age of gold.
Bred in the camp, famed for his valour young;
At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;

His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Esteem and reverence through the world do find.
A prince with such advantages as these,
Where he persuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juster side,
The most ambitious will forget their pride;
They that complain will their endeavours cease,
Advised by him, inclined to present peace,
Join to the Turk's destruction, and then bring
All their pretences to so just a king.
If the successful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crowned, so great applause do find,
Shall the vexed world less honour yield to those
That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is to set bounds, and give ambition law.
The British monarch shall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer slave;
That source of art and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.
The banished Muses shall no longer mourn,
But may with liberty to Greece return;
Though slaves, (like birds that sing not in a cage)
They lost their genius, and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found,
And his great actions with their numbers crowned.
The Turk's vast empire does united stand;
Christians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be soon undone,

Did not this hero make their interest one;
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.
  Thus may the Gospel to the rising sun
Be spread, and flourish where it first begun;
And this great day, (so justly honoured here!)
Known to the East, and celebrated there.

Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
Ausus et ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem.—VIRG.

TO HIS MAJESTY,

UPON HIS MOTTO, BEATI PACIFICI, OCCASIONED BY THE TAKING OF BUDA, 1686.

BUDA and Rhodes proud Solyman had torn
From those, whom discord made the Pagan scorn;
Vienna too besieged, had been his prize,
Had not the approach of winter made him rise:
This motto practised, you have turned the scale,
Christians united by your help prevail.
Thus you enlarge the bounds of Christendom,
Though public interest keep you still at home.
The Gallic Prince his glory did increase,
When among subjects he made duels cease:
But sure the Britain merits more renown,
That has made sovereigns lay their weapons down.
So peaceful! and so valiant! are extremes,
Not to be found, but in our matchless James.
The well-defended Buda, with the spoil
Was bravely got, but with much blood and toil:
Your nobler art of making peace destroys
The barbarous foe, without expense or noise.
So Heaven with silence favours our increase,
Preventing blasts and making tempests cease.

The world from Chaos was to Order brought,
By making peace among the parts that fought:
From like confusion you have Europe freed,
And with like concord made their arms succeed.
Victorious Peace, with this well-chosen word,
To Turks more fatal than the Imperial sword,
Has for reward to your high merit given,
A title to be called the Son of Heaven.

—For they shall be called the Children of God.—MATT. v. 9.

EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemished probity and truth;
Just unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious son;
Whom neighbouring towns so often sent,
To give their sense in parliament;
With lives and fortunes trusting one
Who so discreetly used his own.
Sober he was, wise, temperate,
Contented with an old estate,
Which no foul avarice did increase,
Nor wanton luxury make less.
While yet but young his father died,
And left him to a happy guide;

Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counsel or instruct her heir,
Or teach with more success her son
The vices of the time to shun.
An heiress she ; while yet alive,
All that was hers to him did give ;
And he just gratitude did show
To one that had obliged him so ;
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was so bred and taught.
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His short life did a pattern give
How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.
The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noise and strife
Of battles won ; in those we find
The solid interest of mankind.
Approved by all, and loved so well,
Though young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH ON HENRY DUNCH, ESQ.,

IN NEWINGTON CHURCH, IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1686.

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who, that no time his memory may deface,
His grateful wife, under this speaking stone
His ashes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whose well-used fortune made their virtues shine,
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others should with their relations live.
A pious son, a husband, and a friend,
To neighbours too his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the southern nations go.
Nearer the Sun, though they more civil seem,
Revenge and luxury have their esteem;
Which well observing he returned with more
Value for England, than he had before;
Her true religion, and her statutes too,
He practised not less than seeked to know;
And the whole country grieved for their ill fate,
To lose so good, so just a magistrate.
To shed a tear may readers be inclined,
And pray for one he only left behind,
Till she, who does inherit his estate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

SONG.

CHLORIS! farewell. I now must go;
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought;
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engaged by word and oath,
A servant to another's will;
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
Mayst leave me with so just excuse?

For thou mayst say, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus inconstant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, Chloris! no: I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

TO MR. GRANVILLE (NOW LORD LANSDOWNE),

ON HIS VERSES TO KING JAMES II.

An early plant! which such a blossom bears,
And shows a genius so beyond his years;
A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;
So high a subject to employ his voice;
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing
The growing greatness of our matchless King!

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but the exactly round:
So life we praise that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers! fade, Nature will have it so;
'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loss alone by those that loved them found.
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,
Missed by some few that loved our company;
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

SOME VERSES OF AN IMPERFECT COPY,

DESIGNED FOR A FRIEND, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF OVID'S "FASTI."

ROME'S holy-days you tell, as if a guest
With the old Romans you were wont to feast.
Numa's religion, by themselves believed,
Excels the true, only in show received.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their dictators taken from the plough;
Such power has justice, faith, and honesty!
The world was conquered by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
But where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel shine.

* * * *

PRIDE.[1]

NOT the brave Macedonian youth alone,
But base Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundless in power, would make himself a god,
As if the world depended on his nod.
The Syrian King to beasts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himself he could be mortal known.
The meanest wretch, if Heaven should give him line,
Would never stop till he were thought divine.
All might within discern the serpent's pride,
If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
And woo the female to his painted bed;
Let winds and seas together rage and swell;
This Nature teaches, and becomes them well.
"Pride was not made for men:" a conscious sense
Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir;
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew or got,

1.—Tonson, Reflection on these words—*Pride was not made for man.*

His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;
And she so well improved that stock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock,
That wit and fortune, reconciled
In her, upon each other smiled.
While she, to every well-taught mind,
Was so propitiously inclined,
And gave such title to her store,
That none, but the ignorant, were poor.
The Muses daily found supplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchless beauty warm, their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praise!
But when a storm disturbed our rest,
The port and refuge of the oppressed.
This made her fortune understood,
And looked on as some public good.
So that (her person and her state,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury she
Stood, like a sacred temple, free.
May here her monument stand so,
To credit this rude age! and show
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue see;
And one sublime example had
Of good, among so many bad.

EPITAPH UNFINISHED.

GREAT soul! for whom Death will no longer stay,
But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.
O cruel Death! to those you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue shined,
Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.
Inspired verse may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy ashes give——

* * * * *

UPON A LADY'S FISHING WITH AN ANGLE.

SEE where the fair Clorinda sits, and seems
Like new-born Venus risen from the streams;
In vain the beauties of the neighbouring field,
In vain the painted flowers' pride
With their faint colours strive to hide
That flower to which Flora herself would yield.
Each object's pleasant to the sight,
The streams, the meadows yield delight,
But nothing fair as her you can espy
Unless i' th' brook (her looking-glass) you chance to cast your eye.

See how she makes the trembling angle shake,
Touched by those hands that would make all men quake.
See how the numerous fishes of the brook

(For now the armour of their scales
Nothing against her charms prevails)
Willingly hang themselves upon her hook;
See how they crowd and thronging wait
Greedy to catch the proffered bait;
In her more bright and smoother hands content
Rather to die, than live in their own watery element.

With how composed a look and cheerful air,
(Calm as the stream and as the season fair)
With careful eyes she views the dancing float,
Longing to have it disappear,
That she its head may higher rear,
And make it swim i' th' air above the moat;
She sits as silent as the fish,
Seems burdened with no other wish,
So well she's masked under this fair pretence,
An infidel would swear she's made of perfect innocence.

But ah! Clorinda's is a cruel game,
As she with water sports, she sports with flame,
She innocently angles here, but then
Thousands of charming baits she lays,
A thousand other several ways;
Her beauteous eyes ensnare whole shoals of men,
Each golden hair's a fishing line,
Able to catch such hearts as mine,
And he that once views her bewitching eyes,
To her victorious charms (like me) must ever be a prize.

ON MRS. HIGGONS.

INGENIOUS Higgons never sought
To hide the candour of her thought;
And now her clothes are lost, we find
The nymph as naked as her mind:
Like Eve while yet she was untaught
To hide herself or know a fault.
For a snatched ribbon she would frown,
But cares too little for her gown;
It makes her laugh, and all her grief
Is lest it should undo the thief.
Already she begins to stretch
Her wit, to save the guilty wretch,
And says she was of goods bereft
By her own bounty, not by theft.
She thought not fit to keep her clothes
Till they were eaten up with moths,
But made a nobler use of store,
To clothe the naked and the poor.
Should all that do approve the fair
Her loss contribute to repair,
Of London she would have the fate,
And rise (undone) in greater state,
In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
As glorious as the new-built town.

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

SIX CANTOS.

I. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.—II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.—III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.—IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.—V. Showing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.—VI. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian muse has all their gods survived,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus is arrived;
Frail deities! which first the poets made,
And then invoked, to give their fancies aid.
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hoped for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagined spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.

Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall ;
Long since despised and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to the eternal Word.
As late philosophy our globe has graced,
And rolling earth among the planets placed,
So has this Book entitled us to heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion given ;
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in Nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume does express His mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his blessed gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcerned let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.
Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke,
And band of all society, is broke.
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest ?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what they swear ?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust !
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the first step towards being good or wise ;
For though with judgment we on things reflect,

Our will determines, not our intellect.
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed;
For though heaven shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word;
His mercy this (which all his work excels !)
His tender kindness and compassion tells;
While we, informed by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there revealed (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend;
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame
Which first from heaven, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blessed,
Savours too much of private interest.
This moved not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandoned soul and all;
A greater yet rom heaven to hell descends,
To save, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reached the lowest bottom from above?
The royal prophet, that extended grace
From heaven to earth, measured but half that space.
The law was regnant, and confined his thought;

Hell was not conquered when that poet wrote ;
Heaven was scarce heard of until he came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world the Almighty did persuade ;
For love it was that first created light,
Moved on the waters, chased away the night
From the rude Chaos, and bestowed new grace
On things disposed of to their proper place ;
Some to rest here, and some to shine above ;
Earth, sea, and heaven, were all the effects of love.
And love would be returned ; but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known ;
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest ;
One ! like the Author, whose capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find ;
Might measure heaven, and give each star a name ;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame ;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know ;
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When, by his Word, God had accomplished all,
Man to create he did a council call ;
Employed his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure, and majestic look ;
With his own breath conveyed into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest ;

Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative ! but above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes ;
If he be angry, the creation shakes ;
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled ;
He cursed the earth, but bruised the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed ;
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

Not willing terror should his image move ;
He gives a pattern of eternal love ;
His Son descends to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat
To make us humble, and to make us great ;
His business here was happiness to give
To those whose malice could not let him live.
Legions of angels, which he might have used,
(For us resolved to perish) he refused ;
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nailed him to the cross.

Immortal love! which in his bowels reigned,
That we might be by such a love constrained
To make return of love. Upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that loved him he was hid from none.
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out;
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind;
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he loved!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismayed;
He that examples gives, will give his aid;
For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love, at once, and dread, instruct our thought;

As man he suffered, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes; we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves, and others, for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

To glory man, or misery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn;
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem;
With love, of all created things the best;
Without it, more pernicious than the rest;
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er;
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste.
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules oppressed

Might in that age some provinces infest;
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of every age, and in all nations reign;
But soon would vanish, if the world were blessed
With sacred love, by which they are repressed.
  Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vexed conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy;
But love appearing, all those terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death, as a passage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
The sun's victorious beams may chase away;
Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observed in that which bounds the year;
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere;
Of heaven the joy, the glory, and the light,
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

This Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)
Touched with this love, would be an Age of Gold;
Not, as they feigned, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;

Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either sow or reap;
Our ready help, and mutual love, would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field.
Famine and death, confined to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,
And spread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand;
At once the givers and receivers bless,
Increase their joy, and make their suffering less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispensed with Nature for the people's sake;
He that, long fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow,
Of all his power, which boundless was above,
Here he used none but to express his love;
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.
  Laws would be useless which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law;
Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
Devils are chained, and tremble; but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian angels to each other be;
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,

Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform !
Love what Isaiah prophesied can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked ways.
Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that possessed, the great in title fall;
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heaven with that high character has blessed.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East;
Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave !
Love as he loved ! A love so unconfined,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men;
All of one family, in blood allied,
His precious blood, that for our ransom died.

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (so divinely taught!)
Prints such a lively image in our thought,
That the first spark of new-created light,
From Chaos struck, affects our present sight;
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blessed
The day of rising, than the day of rest,
That every week might new occasion give,
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm,
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And singing as the blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But on so vast a subject who can find
Words that may reach the ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, the endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And makes a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit, from the sound
Of David's harp, a present solace found;
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.
On divine love to meditate is peace,

And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
Amazed at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless power so infinitely kind,
The soul contending to that light to flee
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the East the rising sun comes on.

Floriferis ut Apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ.
Nam Divinus Amor, cum cœpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt Animi terrores.—LUCR.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non Fama petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis.
Namque ubi mota calent Sacrâ mea Pectora Musâ,
Altior humano Spiritus ille malo est.—*De Trist.*

OF DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOS.

Occasioned upon sight of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah turned into verse by Mrs. Wharton.

CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret which this oracle does show.
What was to come, Isaiah did declare,
Which she describes as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which, to the reader's view,
She draws so lively that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,
So with the prophet's may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire;
Not love which brutes as well as men may know,
But love like his, to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so designed, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity,
What mortal can with Heaven pretend to share

In the superlatives of wise and fair?
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable vein,
When, dropped from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For as that angel up to heaven did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice,
So, winged with praise, we penetrate the sky;
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that he reigns, all creatures should rejoice,
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their[1] present union show;
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.
Thus we reach heaven, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust.

1.—Divine Poems, 1635, *a*.

From that they spring; this from his breath that
gave,
To the first dust, the immortal soul we have;
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

He that did first this way of writing grace,
Conversed with the Almighty face to face;
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of Poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumphed o'er eternal night;
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell.
As if consulted with, he has expressed
The work of the Creator, and his rest;
How the flood drowned the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surprised with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old;
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nourished them, and
high,

That long-lived race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heaven ; but we, of shorter date !
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms, that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear ;
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat.
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines ;
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not lived so long
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their store succeeding poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swelled so high, by her old Kishon taught.
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay ;
Hers, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of Heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.
She led them all against the common foe ;
But he (misled by what he saw below !)
The powers above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,
May be but copies of that heroine.

Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates in a sublimer strain,
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;
For what she sung that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage, and success, in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From Heaven her poem, and her conquest, came.
Though of the Jews she merit most esteem,
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme;
Her martial song describes how Sisera fell;
This sings our triumph over death and hell.
The rising light employed the sacred breath
Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.
In songs of joy the angels sung his birth;
Here how he treated was upon the earth
Trembling we read! the affliction and the scorn,
Which for our guilt so patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong
(Though various parts) to one celestial song;
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has in this concert sung the tragic part.
As Hannah's seed was vowed to sacred use,
So here this lady consecrates her Muse.
With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born!

OF THE PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds! listen, ethereal lights!
While our Urania sings what Heaven indites;
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed, to approach his throne;
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests which his own hand did pen?
In the Evangelists we find the prose
Which, paraphrased by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS UPON THE SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

1.

His sacred name with reverence profound
Should mentioned be, and trembling at the sound
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow! Ps. xviii. 9.
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.[1]

2.

His kingdom come. For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign.
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light,
His service freedom, and his judgments right.[2]

3.

His will be done. In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in Heaven, it must be made our own.
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom Nature, and the universe, obey

1.—1685, *Brethren to him that taught us how to pray,*
And did so dearly for our Ransom pay.

2.—This couplet does not occur in the edition of 1685.

Happy the man ! whose wishes are confined
To what has been eternally designed ;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourselves we are.[1]

4.

It is not what our avarice hoards up ;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup ;
Like new-born babes depending on the breast,
From day to day we on his bounty feast ;
Nor should the soul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay ;
The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

5.

That he should all our trespasses forgive,
While we in hatred with our neighbours live ;
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclined we ask.
This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament prepare.
The noblest worship of the Power above,
Is to extol, and imitate his love ;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.

1.—This and three preceding lines are not in the edition of 1685.

6.

Guard us from all temptations of the foe,
And those we may in several stations know;
The rich and poor in slippery places stand.
Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportioned is to life and health.
For not the dead, but living, sing thy praise,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis! . . . . .
Virginibus puerisque canto.—HORAT.

ON THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.
Though the word fear some men may ill endure,
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not the invited mock,
Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.

This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song, the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be feared;
It brings from Heaven an angel for our guard.
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause, the sufferings of man
May well be borne; 'tis more than angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Equal to angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts alone does fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vexed,
And sadly live in terror of the next.
The world's great conqueror would his point pursue,
And wept because he could not find a new;
Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,
To make him work until a third he spied.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed;
Has but one mouth, but would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possessed,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in;

Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy but in pursuing more ;
No ! though arrived at all the world can aim ;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can satisfy.
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare
Less than so many drops of water are.
Men take no pleasure but in new designs ;
And what they hope for, what they have outshines.
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have ;
Vex not themselves for an increase of store,
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
They do from us expect it should be given.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity ;
More beasts than they ! who will not understand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
What can he have, or use, but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood,
Heaven those that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terrestrial honour to be crowned
For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find;
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow;
For virtue practised, such a habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives;
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Loved and admired by those he does excel.
Fools anger show, which politicians hide;
Blessed with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong;
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit for another's rage.
Placed on a rock, vain men he pities, tossed
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun;
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did set.
Above, below, exactly all obey;

But wretched men have found another way;
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion !) keeps them still accursed !
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour show;
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there,
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.
Silence, my Muse ! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large a heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best,
Where great truths are in fewest words expressed.
Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
O that my youth had thus employed my pen !
Or that I now could write as well as then !
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again;
Timely they come to wean us from this earth,
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF THE LAST VERSES IN THE BOOK.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite ;
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So, calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made ;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

. . . . Miratur limen Olympi.—VIRG.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Vol. I. p. v.—TO THE QUEENE, &c.

This dedication to Henrietta Maria is here printed for the first time, exactly as it stands in a small folio volume, the property of Edmund Waller, Esquire, of Farmington Lodge, Northleach, which contains a transcript, corrected in another hand, of most of the poems which appeared in the editions of 1645—neither the transcript nor the corrections are in the handwriting of the poet, and the book came into Mr. Waller's possession by purchase.

P. vii.—TO MY LADY SOPHIA.

This address is headed as above in Mr. Waller's transcript, with a note by the corrector which informs us that the lady was Lady Sophia Bertie, a daughter of that Earl of Lindsey who afterwards fell in the King's service at Edgehill: she married Sir Richard Chaworth, and died in 1689, aged 72.

P. viii.—*the former Pope.*

The transcript has *the present Pope*, which fixes its date as earlier than that of any edition of the poems, Maffeo Barberini (Urban VIII.), the Pope alluded to, having died July 29, 1644.

P. xi.—AN ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

There are three editions of Waller's poems dated 1645.

(i) The | Workes | of | Edmond Waller | Esquire, | Lately a Member of the Ho | nourable House of | Commons, | in this Present Parliament. | London. | Printed for Thomas Walkley. | 1645. Title—and B—H in eights.

Some copies of this edition have on the title-page Imprimatur | Na. Brent. Decem. 30. 1644.

(ii) Poems, &c. | Written By | Mr. Ed. Waller | of Beckonsfield, Esquire; Lately a | Member of the Honourable | House of Commons. | And Printed by a Copy of | his own hand-writing. | All the Lyrick Poems in this Booke | were set by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gent. | of the Kings Chappell, and one of his Ma- | jesties Private Musick. | Printed and Published according to Order. | London, | Printed by I. N. for Hu. Mosley, at the Princes | Armes in Pauls Church-yard, | 1645. A (4 leaves)—N 4 in eights. O—P 2 in eights.

(iii) Poems, &c. | Written By | Mr. Ed. Waller | of Beckonsfield, Esquire; lately a | Member of the Honourable | House of Commons, | All the Lyrick Poems in this Booke | were set by Mr. Henry Lawes Gent. | of the Kings Chappell, and one of his | Majesties Private Musick, | Printed and Published according to Order. | London, | Printed by T. W. for Humphrey Mosley, at the | Princes Armes in Pauls Church- | yard, 1645. B—I 2 in eights. It appears from a comparison of Mr. Hazlitt's colla-

tion of this edition with that of other copies which have seen, that the signatures vary, but the contents are the same.

It has been customary to describe now one, now another of these three as the *genuine first edition*, but there is nothing to show that any one of them had the countenance of the author, in fact, in the edition of 1664 the contrary is distinctly stated, and Waller had, almost certainly, left England before Dec. 30, 1644, the date upon which the earliest of them was licensed; this edition, (i), the text of which I have not thought it necessary to collate, is full of misprints, and is denounced in this advertisement which appears in both (ii) and (iii) as "surruptitious," though, as a matter of fact, (iii) consists simply of the sheets of (i) bound up with a fresh title and the addition of the last seven poems contained in (ii). The advertisement was probably written by Mosley, who in a somewhat similar address prefixed to his edition of Milton's poems, of this year, congratulates himself on the success which had attended his publication of Waller.

P. xiii.—THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

Fenton expresses a belief that this preface was either written by Waller, or by his immediate direction, and was designed "for a modest memorial" preparatory to his standing candidate for the Provostship of Eton College. But it is improbable that the poet had this special post, if indeed he had any at all, in view at the date of the publication of this edition of his

poems, as Dr. John Meredith, whom he was anxious to succeed at Eton, did not die till the following year. In Fenton's edition (1729) the signature Albinovanus, the exact applicability of which to Waller is not obvious, was for the first time appended to this address.

P. xvii.—POSTSCRIPT. *Nova carmina pango.*

I have been unable to trace these words—they do not occur in Virgil: possibly the writer was thinking of Ecl. iii. 86. "Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina."

P. xviii.—PREFACE TO THE SECOND PART OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS.

In 1690 appeared "The Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems containing his alteration of the Maid's Tragedy, And whatever of his is yet unprinted: Together with some other Poems, Speeches, &c., that were printed Severally and never put into the First Collection of his Poems. London, Printed for Tho. Bennet. MDCXC." 8°. There seems no reason to doubt that this preface, which appeared in this edition, was written, as has always been supposed, by Francis Atterbury—a correspondent writing in *Notes and Queries* [7th S. xi. p. 266] has been kind enough to mention, for my benefit, a copy of "The Maid's Tragedy Altered. With some other Pieces. By Edmund Waller, Esq; not before Printed in the several Editions of his Poems. London, Printed for Jacob Tonson. 1690," in which there is a MS. addition, signed "Jacob Tonson, Senr.," to the note

printed at the beginning of the book: the note run thus—"*Most of the following Pieces, being unfinish'd, were never intended to be publish'd; but that a Person, who had borrowed a Manuscript Copy of them, took upon him to print them.*" After the words "*a Person,*" Tonson has written "Dr. Atterbury borrow'd them of Dr. Birch." Atterbury is further connected with Bennet by the fact that on Aug. 30, 1706, he preached his funeral sermon in St. Paul's, in which he speaks of having known him for twenty years.

P. I.—OF THE DANGER HIS MAJESTY ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT ST. ANDREWS.

The events which form the subject of this poem occurred in September, 1623, upon the arrival of the Prince at St. Andere (now Santander) on his return to England from Madrid. He reached the coast on St. Matthew's Day, attended by a train of Spanish noblemen, and having dined in the neighbourhood of the port, was in the afternoon informed of the arrival of the English fleet under the command of the Earl of Rutland. I quote what follows from a contemporary pamphlet, "The Joyfull Returne Of The Most Illustrious Prince Charles, Prince of Great Britaine, from the Court of Spaine. . . . 1623," which purports to be written "from the report of some of his Highnesse traine that attended in the voyage." One is almost inclined to think, from a comparison of its language with that of the poem, that Waller must have seen it. "How soone are joyes turned into sorrowes? safetie into dangers, a shining forenoone into a gloomy euening? His Highnesse, after all that feasting and

triumphing in Saint Andera, being desirous to go aboord that goodly ship, (the Admirall of his Fleet) called the Prince (a title due to it for the brauery and Princely building of it) spent so much time that the euening drew on apace, and with the euening a more threatning enemy: for not onely the tyde resisted his coming backe (his Highnesse being then in his own Barge, and his owne Watermen rowing in it) but a storme began to arise, and the billows to swel high, before the Watermen had gottē halfe way frō the ships to the towne, the distance between the shore and the ships being at least a Spanish league. The Watermen were strong, cunning, and couragious, but the furious waues taught their Oares another maner of practise than euer they were put to upon the Thames. To the town they could not possibly get, against a winde and tyde so raging, or if they had ventured, it had been dangerous, in regard a huge Barke (to saue her selfe) lay very neer to the mouth of the Harbour: to the shore they were as fearefull to put, it being full of rocks; to the ships back againe to flie for succour, night (a darke night) being spred over that Horizon, denied that comfort, for if they should misse the ships, they were in doubt to be carried into the maine, the channell where the Fleet was anchored, running with an impetuous and irresistible torrent. In this full-Sea of Horrors the Prince resolued to turn back towards the ships, and to fall in upon the first they could fasten, rather than trust to the mercy of the rockes, upon euery one of which sat ineuitable destruction. What could Hope trust to here, where neither the watermens skill nor strength could incourage

them to bring safety to their Master? The clouds opened, and discharged their artillery of raine, lightning and thunder: elements of contrary nature, warring one upon another, whilst the waters (which were called up to decide the controuersie) quarrelling with the winds, made the uproare more horrid and tempestuous. And so much greater was the danger, by how much the night (by reason of the storme) grew darker and darker: yet at last that omnipotent Arme, which can tear up rocks from their center, and that voyce which can call in the winds, and still them with the mouing of his finger, sent a Dove with an Oliue branch in her bill as an assurance of comfort. For by casting out a rope from a ship called the Defiance (which with much hazard of his life one of the Prince's watermen catched hold off), by spying a light in the same ship, his Highnesse and all in the Barge with him, (praise be given to the Almighty Pilot that stood at Helme) were with unspeakable joy receiued into that shippe, and there tooke up his lodging till the next morning: nothing at all daunted at these terrors, sithence dangers to noble minds are but the triumphs of their constant sufferings."

P. 1, *ll.* 13-32.—Edward IV. employed the Earl of Warwick to negotiate on his behalf with the Duke of Savoy for the hand of his daughter, the Lady Bona, sister-in-law to Louis XI.: the Earl's proposals were accepted, but before the treaty could be ratified, Edward had met and fallen in love with Elizabeth Woodville, his future Queen. His subsequent neglect of Warwick caused him to transfer his allegiance to Henry VI., and led to a renewal of the civil war. "Nothing," says

Fenton, "could have been more happily imagin'd than the subject which Mr. Waller has selected to insinuate the Prince's resolution to forsake the Infanta." It has been suggested that this poem was re-cast and elaborated in accordance with subsequent events, but though the marriage treaty between Charles and Henrietta was not actually signed till Nov. 10, 1624, there is nothing in the verses inconsistent with their having been written, as Fenton supposes, in 1623, or at any rate in the beginning of 1624. Waller has of course exaggerated, or even imagined the effect produced upon Charles by what Sir Henry Wotton calls his "ambulatory view" of Henrietta, but while Buckingham was still at Madrid he had been approached by one Grey, an English friar, with the suggestion that Mary de Medicis might be induced to offer her youngest daughter as a substitute for the Infanta. Grey subsequently proceeded to England, and though Buckingham and Mary denied all knowledge of the intrigue, James I. consented to allow Lord Kensington to be sent to Paris to sound the disposition of the French Court upon the subject. Lord Kensington arrived in Paris on Feb. 15, 1624, and on March 15 Buckingham disclosed to the Houses the project of a French alliance for the Prince of Wales.

P. 2, *ll.* 41-2.—L. 42 is repeated, II. 33, l. 134, as a translation of Æn. iv. 583, "Annixi torquent spumas, et cœrula verrunt." Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," xv. 12—

> . . . . "Some with strong Oars sweep
> The Waters smooth, and brush the buxom Wave,
> Their Breasts in sunder cleave the yielding deep."

P. 3, *l.* 45.—Sort = *company* or *crowd.*

P. 3, *l.* 54.—Imitated from Cæsar's answer to the boatman—"Quid times? Cæsarem vehis." Cf. Mrs. Philips "To his Majesty (Charles II.) at his passage into England"—

> "Charles and his mighty hopes you bear:
> A greater now than Cæsar's here."

P. 3, *l.* 66.—Cf. p. 9, ll. 21-2.

P. 4, *l.* 76.—Impeach = *obstruct.* Cf. p. 31, l. 12, II. 38, l. 82, and "Godfrey of Bulloigne," xi. 52—

> "And there it seems the mighty Prince intends
> *Godfredo's* hoped Entrance to impeach."

P. 4, *ll.* 85-93.—Cf. Æn. I. 81-101.

P. 5, *ll.* 117-18.—Fenton refers these lines to Claudian, *De nupt. Honor. et Mar.*, 247-50.

> Ceu geminæ Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant,
> Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis
> Roribus, indulget spatio; latet altera nodo,
> Nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles."

P. 6, *l.* 135.—This line is repeated p. 13, l. 1.

P. 7, *ll.* 163-64.—Ovid, Ex Ponto, iv. 3. 35 "Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo."

P. 7, *l.* 168.—Fenton refers this line to Iliad viii. 19-20—

> Σειρὴν χρυσείην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες
> Πάντες δ' ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαί τε θέαιναι.

P. 8.—TO THE QUEEN.

Fenton supposes this poem to have been addressed to the Queen shortly after her arrival in England, and the language of it would seem to support his view.

He printed a glowing account of the attractions of Henrietta from a letter of Lord Kensington to Charles, who himself appears to have regarded the alliance with much less enthusiasm: writing (Aug. 13, 1624) to the Earl of Carlisle, who was then in Paris, he says: "Yet use what industry you can to reduce them to reason, for I respect the person of the lady as being a worthy creature, fit to be my wife; and as ye love me put it to a quick issue one way or other."

P. 9, *ll.* 45-46.—Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," vi. 70—

> "For in the secret of her troubled Thought,
> A doubtful Combat, Love and Honour fought."

P. 9, *ll.* 49-52.—"At Paris the Prince spent one whole day to give his mind some contentment in viewing of a famous City and Court, which was a neighbour to his future estates, But for the better Veiling of their visages, his Highnesse and the Marquesse (*afterwards Duke, of Buckingham, his Achates*) bought each of them a Perriwigge somewhat to overshaddow their foreheads. . . . Towards Evening, by a meere chance, in appearance, though underlined with providence, they had a full sight of the Queene Infanta, and of the princesse Henriettæ Marie with other great Ladyes at the practise of a Masquing Daunce, which was then in preparation." (Wotton, *Short View of the Life and Death of Buckingham*, 1642.)

P. 10, *ll.* 57-58.—This idea is repeated p. 57, ll. 11-12.

P. 11.—OF HIS MAJESTY'S RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

The news of the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham (Aug. 23, 1628) was brought to the King by Sir John Hippesly, while he was at prayers at Southwick, the seat of Sir Daniel Norton, about five miles from Portsmouth. According to Clarendon, "His Majesty continued unmoved and without the least change in his countenance till prayers were ended:" Another account (*Court and Times of Charles I.*, vol. 1, 390) says, "when this news was brought by one Charles Price, the twenty-first chapter of Acts was reading, where observe the twenty-eighth verse, &c."

P. 11, *l.* 8.—The Earl of Lindsey was immediately appointed to succeed Buckingham in the command of the fleet for the relief of Rochelle, which sailed Sept. 4.

P. 11, *l.* 15.—John Felton was a member of an old Suffolk family, and of the blood of the Earl of Arundel, who, together with his wife and son, Lord Maltravers, visited him in prison on the day before his execution. Waller is probably thinking of the "ten-penny knife" which the assassin purchased at a cutler's on Tower Hill.

P. 11, *ll.* 17-20.—The allusion is to the picture by Timanthes of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, wherein the painter having expressed various degrees of grief in the faces of Calchas, Odysseus, Ajax, and Menelaus, represented Agamemnon, the father of the victim, with his face buried in the folds of his drapery.

P. 12, *ll.* 31-32.—"Some that observe the passages in Court, say the King seems as much affected to the

duke's memory as he was to his person, minding nothing so much for the present as the advancement of his friends and followers." (Mead to Stuteville, Sept. 20, 1628.)

"The news we received on Saturday was as followeth: . . . That the duchess (*of Buckingham*) hath confirmed unto her, for her own and her son's life, Roper's office, in the King's Bench, worth £4,000 a-year: and that some talked (but mine author would not believe it) as though the profits of the Admiralty here, and the customs of Ireland also, should for twenty-one years to come be applied to the duchess and her children." (The same to the same, Oct. 11, 1628.)

"Sir Henry Hungate, the duke's bosom friend, is sworn gentleman of the Privy Chamber in Sir William Crofte's place, who hath stood suspended there from any time these three years, ever since he spoke against the duke in parliament; as likewise was Sir Ralph Clare, in whose place young Ashburnham, the duke's nephew, is sworn."

"Two of the duke's footmen are sworn the king's footmen, and the rest of the duke's servants are to attend the Marquis of Hamilton." (The same to the same, Nov. 1, 1628.)

TO THE KING ON HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

These lines, the first, as far as I can discover, of Waller's that were printed, appeared in "Rex Redux," 1633, a collection of verses written by members of the University of Cambridge and addressed to Charles I. upon his return to England after his coronation at Edinburgh.

P. 13.—OF SALLE.

During the early years of the reign of Charles I., the ravages committed by the Salle rovers formed a constant subject of complaint in the House of Commons. In July, 1625, Sir Walter Erle mentioned to the House that, during the last few weeks, English vessels had been captured by them off the Scilly Islands, and on Aug. 11 of the same year a letter from one William Legg, a prisoner to the Moorish pirates at Salle, was read in the House, and witnesses, who had escaped, were in attendance to speak of the barbarous cruelty of their captors. Spoil, it was said, had been committed upon the English coasts to such an extent that vessels scarce dare venture from port. Subsequently squadrons had been sent out, one under the command of Sir Francis Steward, and another under Sir Samuel Argall, to clear the English seas of pirates, but they both returned without having effected anything. At last on Feb. 26, 1637, a fleet of six ships, subsequently joined by two others, carrying in all 990 men sailed from England, and on March 24 anchored in Salle roads. Salle apparently consisted of two parts, Old and New Salle, and at this time the governor of New Salle was in a state of revolt against the authority of the King of Morocco. It was only by occupying Old Salle with the consent of the governor and joining in a civil war that the English were able to effect their object. On Sept. 19, the Moorish ambassador came on board the fleet, which set sail and landed 339 rescued captives at Torbay on Oct. 6. (*A True Journall of the Sally Fleet, &c. Published by John Dunton, London* 1637.)

P. 13, *ll.* 13-15.—1 Samuel, xv. 33.

P. 15.—TO THE KING ON HIS NAVY.

In all the editions from 1664 to 1712 this poem was printed first, and in that of 1711 a date, 1626, was for the first time assigned to it, the writer of the "Life" prefixed to the book being of opinion that the lines were occasioned by the expedition against Spain, under Lord Wimbledon, which sailed in that year. Rymer (*Short View of Tragedy*, 1693, p. 79) dates it 1632, without giving any reason for his view. Fenton rejects the first of these dates because in the same edition (1711) the poem *Of the danger his Majesty escaped, &c.*, was clearly assigned to a wrong year (1621), and the second, because there was not in 1632 any naval armament considerable enough to form the subject of the poem: he himself decides in favour of 1636, because the Dutch, having concluded a league with France against Spain, had, by their encroachments on the English fisheries in 1635 made it necessary for Charles to assert his sovereignty over the narrow seas, by fitting out a fleet, of which Waller's friend, the Earl of Northumberland, was next year appointed Admiral. The preparation of this fleet, being regarded as "only an artifice of State to draw money from the subject," was the occasion of much public dissatisfaction, and Fenton thinks this was a happy opportunity for Waller to make his court to the King, by "proclaiming his navy to be, as in truth it was, the glory and defence of the Nation." Bell (1854) rejected Fenton's date on account of the absence of any special allusion to the circumstances detailed

above, but he follows him and other editors in finding in the third and fourth lines a reference to a war between France and Spain. It seems to me that these lines ought to be assigned to the year 1627, when Buckingham was busily engaged in the preparation of the fleet, which, numbering 100 sail and having on board 7,000 soldiers, eventually left Stokes Bay on June 27. I see in lines 3 and 4 a reference, not to a war between France and Spain, but to an agreement between the two countries, which was ratified at Paris in April, 1627, and, though of short duration, was, as far as I am aware, the only occasion, about this time, upon which they can be said to have forgotten their hatred.

P. 15, *l.* 1.—Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," xv. 32.

> "Thy Ship (Columbus) shall her Canvass wing
> Spread o'er that World."

P. 15, *ll.* 5-6.—Cf. II. 25, ll. 61-2.

P. 15, *ll.* 7-8.—Fenton quotes from Varro, "Qui potis plus urget; ut pisces minutos magnus comest."

P. 15, *ll.* 19-24.—Johnson (Life of Waller) says, "In the poem on the Navy those lines are very noble which suppose the King's power secure against a second deluge; so noble, that it were almost criminal to remark the mistake of 'centre' for 'surface,' or to say that the empire of the sea would be worth little if it were not that the waters terminate in land."

P. 16.—UPON HIS MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF PAUL'S.

Cf. "Cooper's Hill," 19-24.

"Paul's the late theme of such a Muse, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of Kings."

In the first edition of his poem (1642) Denham appended as a side-note to these lines the words *Master Waller*, which became *M. W.* in later editions.

Cf. also Dryden, "Annus Mirabilis" st. 275—

"Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise,
Though made immortal by a poet's song,
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise."

P. 16, *l.* 2.— I am unaware of any authority for this accentuation of Melita.

P. 16, *l.* 3.—The cathedral had suffered from fire in 1561, and though the repairs had been vigorously proceeded with up to 1566, in that year they were abandoned and nothing was done for more than fifty years. In the interval the building had, according to Dugdale, been much damaged by "the corroding quality of the coal smoke" in the neighbourhood, and had been permitted generally to go to decay.

P. 16, *ll.* 5-18.—On Nov. 16, 1620, James I had issued a commission upon the subject of the repair of St. Paul's, and for a short time this was acted upon, but we soon hear that the Duke of Buckingham had "borrowed" some of the stone collected about the Cathedral and employed it in the repair of the water-gate at York House, and the

work was again abandoned. In 1631 Charles, at the instigation of Laud, visited the Cathedral, and on April 10 issued a commission under the Great Seal which recited that the building was then in a state of decay. Commissioners were appointed to collect money for its repair, but, at first at least, his subjects' hearts did not respond at all freely to the King's touch, and only £5,400 were subscribed in two years. The work was finally interrupted by the troubles of the Civil War, and some of the materials which had been collected were handed over by the Parliament to the parishioners of St. Gregory's for the repair of their church.

P. 17, *ll.* 20-21.—Houses appear to have been actually built up against the walls of the Cathedral upon land belonging to the Church: these, in spite of the protests of their owners, were, by order of the Privy Council, all removed before the end of 1632.

P. 17, *l.* 35.—"Reduce"= bring back: *reducere.*

P. 18, *ll.* 51-4.—The repairs were begun in April, 1633, and Fenton, supposing that two years might *reasonably be allowed* for the completion of the Choir, has dated this poem 1635. I have been unable to discover when the Choir was actually finished, but the repairs were continued for nine years, and Denham's allusion, in 1642, to St. Paul's as *the late theme* of Waller, would seem to suggest a later date for the poem.

P. 18, *l.* 54.—Charles subscribed out of the ecclesiastical fines the sum of £10,295 5s. 6d., which was applied to the erection of a Portico, designed by Inigo Jones, and intended as "an ambulatory for such as

usually walking in the body of the Church disturb'd the solemn service in the Choir."

P. 19.—TO MR. HENRY LAWES, &c.

These lines first appeared among Waller's poems in the edition of 1668. I have retained the date then assigned to them, although the reference to Noy (l. 15) as still pleading, creates a difficulty.

Henry Lawes, whose musical connection with "Comus" and so much of the lyric poetry of the reign of Charles I. is well known, was born at Dinton in Wiltshire, and baptized there on Jan. 1, 1596. He was a pupil of Coperario, and in 1625–6 was appointed one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal and Clerk of the Cheque to Charles I. He lived to compose the anthem for the Coronation of Charles II., and, dying in 1662, was buried in Westminster Abbey.

P. 19, *l.* 15.—William Noy, notorious as the inventor of ship-money, was born at St. Burian, in Cornwall, in 1577. After three years spent at Exeter College he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and, according to Anthony à Wood, applied himself with great diligence to the study of the law. He sat in the Parliaments of 1621, 1624, 1625, and 1628, in all of which he opposed the King, at length in 1631 he was prevailed upon to accept the post of Attorney-General, and in that office "grew the most hateful man that ever lived." (Weldon, *The Court of K. Charles continued.*) Clarendon says of him that he thought "he could not give a clearer testimony that his knowledge in the Law was greater

than all other men's, than by making That, Law, which all other men believed *Not* to be so." He died at Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 9, 1634; and though Fenton's suggestion that this poem may originally have been dated 1625 is a poor solution of the difficulty referred to above, I am unable to find a better.

A reference to Noy in Collop's *Poesis Rediviva*, 1656, p. 79, seems inconsistent with the account of his early years given in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*—

> "To prove wild youth makes good man th' proverb take,
> See how the wilder Colts best horses make!
> Who *Noy* in Law, *Butler* in's art excels?
> Who *Julius* or *Severus* parallels?"

P. 20, *ll.* 27-28.—Lawes, to ridicule the practice of singing songs the words of which neither the singer nor the audience understood, set to music a succession of titles of Italian airs as they appeared in an index, and was successful in passing them off as a veritable Italian song. He published this composition in *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653.

P. 21.—THE COUNTRY TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

This lady was the famous Lucy Percy, daughter of Henry, Earl of Northumberland, and aunt of Sacharissa. Her political intrigues have occupied the attention of the historians of our time, as her beauty did that of the poets of her own, and it may be said that the former have united in clearing her character from the scandalous aspersions cast upon it by Sir Philip Warwick. Lady Carlisle died suddenly, on Nov. 5, 1660, and was buried at Petworth.

P. 21, *l.* 2.—Comply = please : *complaire.*

P. 21, *ll.* 7-10.—Cf. the address "To the Queene," *yet if your Ma^tie please to listen what Echo the country returnes to so loud a praise.*

P. 22.—THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE IN MOURNING.

This poem was addressed to the Countess of Carlisle upon the death of her husband, who died at Whitehall, April 5, 1636. James Hay, first Earl of Carlisle, was the son of Sir James Hay of Kingask, educated partly in France, he had, in early life, served in the Scotch Guards at Paris. Handsome, accomplished, and of fascinating manners, he soon found his way into the good graces of James I., who showered wealth and honours upon him : he was created Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, Comptroller of Scotland, 1608, Lord Bewlie, 1609, Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle, K.G. He was Master of the Great Wardrobe from 1616 to 1636. He married firstly Honora, daughter and heiress of Lord Denny, and on the death of that lady, the Countess of Northumberland hoped, by a marriage between him and her daughter, to effect the release of her husband, who was confined in the Tower for supposed complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. Northumberland, however, declared that he would rather die in prison than owe his release to a Scottish adventurer at the price of his daughter's hand, and when Lady Lucy visited him, he attempted to detain her in the Tower, saying that he was a Percy, and could not endure that his daughter should dance any Scotch jigs ; he also offered her £20,000 if she would consent to be ruled by him.

His efforts were unavailing, and on Nov. 5, 1617, Chamberlain writes to Dudley Carleton, "On Thursday the Lord Hay married his mistress the Lady Lucy Percy, and that night the King and Princess honoured the wedding supper with their presence at the Wardrobe."

Cf. Herrick (ed. Pollard, I. 78), "Upon a black twist rounding the arm of the Countess of Carlisle."

P. 23, *ll.* 26-30.—Carlisle had been employed by James I. upon various embassies, notably to mediate between the Emperor and the States of Bohemia, and between Louis XIII. and the French Protestants, but Waller has greatly exaggerated "the power of his enchanting tongue."

P. 23, *ll.* 33-36.—Shortly before his marriage to Lady Lucy Percy the Earl of Carlisle entertained her at a masque and supper, which occupied the workmanship and invention of thirty cooks for twelve days, and cost more than £2,200. Sir Anthony Weldon states that he (Carlisle) "imported live sturgeon from the Black Sea, which were served whole at his banquets, and that his suppers consisted of a rapid succession of the most costly dishes, the greater part of which passed untouched to his servants, one of whom was seen devouring a pie, composed of ambergris, magisterial of pearl and musk, which cost £10." During his courtship he lived in Richmond Park, where he made "solemn feasts twice a week at least with that cost and expense that the Lady of Northumberland dares not so much as once invite him by reason of his curiosity." (Chamberlain to Dudley Carleton, Aug. 9, 1617.)

P. 23, *ll.* 37-43.—The Earl of Carlisle set out May 17, 1624, to join Lord Kensington in Paris in negotiating the marriage contract between Charles and Henrietta. On May 1, 1625, the marriage was celebrated by proxy, on a stage erected opposite the west-end of Notre Dame, and the Princess was surrendered into the hands of the two lords by her brother, Louis XIII.

P. 23, *ll.* 46-48.—Fenton compares Claudian, *in Rufin*, I. 166-7—

> . . . "novi quo Thessala cantu
> Eripiat lunare jubar" . . .

A more obvious reference would be Horace's fifth Epode—

> "Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala
> Lunamque cœlo deripit."

IN ANSWER TO ONE WHO WRIT AGAINST A FAIR LADY.

P. 24, *ll.* 13-18.—These lines, now first included among Waller's poems, were printed by Neve (*Cursory Remarks on English Poets*, 1789, p. 71) from a manuscript of the middle of the reign of Charles I., in which they concluded the poem.

P. 25, *l.* 19.—Cf. Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, Book I, cant. 7, st. 33.

P. 26.—OF HER CHAMBER.

"Her (Lady Carlisle's) *chamber*, as it was called, was unlike any other reception-room in England at that time, and seems to have partaken rather of the character of the *salons* of brilliant Frenchwomen a century later." (De Fonblanque, *Annals of the House of Percy*, p. 399.)

P. 27.—TO PHYLLIS.

In Mr. Waller's transcript is written, as a note to the heading of this poem, *the lady Carlile*, but she is

obviously not the lady addressed, and I am afraid the identity of Phyllis is undiscoverable.

P. 27, *ll.* 19-22.—Fenton compares with these lines the following from Sir John Suckling's *Brennoralt*, act iii. sc. 1.

> "Tempests of wind thus (as my storms of grief
> Carry my tears which should relieve my heart,)
> Have hurry'd to the thankless ocean clouds,
> And show'rs, that needed not the courtesy;
> When the poor plains have languished for the want,
> And almost burnt asunder."

P. 28.—TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS, &c.

These lines were prefixed to Sandys' *Paraphrase upon the Divine Poems*, 1638, *folio*.

P. 29.—UPON BEN JONSON.

These lines, headed *Upon Ben: Johnson, the most excellent of comick Poets*, first appeared in *Jonsonus Virbius*, 1638, *quarto*, a collection of poems in memory of Jonson, who died in the preceding year, edited by Bp. Duppa. Waller told Aubrey that he was not acquainted with Ben Jonson.

P. 31.—TO MY LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND, UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland (born Sept. 29, 1602, died Oct. 13, 1668), married in 1629 Lady Anne Cecil, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury, receiving with her a marriage portion of £11,000. Like his sister, Lady Lucy, he was not successful in obtaining for his marriage the approbation of his father, who said that "the blood of Percy would not mix with the blood of Cecil if you poured them into a dish." The Countess died Dec. 6, 1637. The

following extract from a letter from Garrard to Lord Wentworth, Dec. 16, 1637, announcing her death, is the best possible commentary on this poem—"She was a virtuous and religious young lady, so apt and fitted for him which by his wisdom he had wrought her to, that hardly he will find the like. At the time of her sickness I was witness of his love and care of her. Never out of her chamber, seldom from her bedside, not parting from her till all the visible signs of death were on her, about an hour and a half before she expired: he took her death most heavily: passion hath the least outward power of him of any man I know; yet in this it had got on him a great mastery. My Lord Conway and I never left him—bad comforters both, for *he* held his peace, and *I* could not tell what to say. In these things time doth all; yet I brake silence first, being sent of some messages betwixt his Lordship and the other sad family at Salisbury House. He intended a solemn funeral and a costly one, which would have been a fortnight in preparing: but my Lord of Salisbury made it his earnest suit to him to do it with all speed and privacy, especially since she died of that disease [*the small pox*], and that two of his daughters were sick of the same disease in the House; which was yielded unto. So she was embalmed, sent in a barge to Syon, from whence his servants attended to Petworth, where she is interred. I never knew a more general lamentation for the death of any this long time. My Lord of Northumberland is come to his sister Carlisle's house, part of Salisbury House. Some little time he intends to spend at Syon, and then he will return

to Court and to his place and begin the world anew again."

P. 31, *ll.* 7-9.—Fenton quotes from the letter of Sulpicius to Cicero on the death of his daughter Tullia: "Nullus dolor est quem non longinquitas temporis minuat ac molliat; hoc te expectare tempus tibi turpe est, ac non ei rei sapientia tua te occurrere."

P. 31, *ll.* 17-24.—Æmilius, having destroyed the empire of Macedon, lost his two sons, one five days before, the other three days after his triumph.

His speech appears in Valerius Maximus, V. 10. 2, "Precatus sum, ut si adversi quid Populo Romano immineret, totum in meam domum converteretur."

P. 33.—TO MY LORD ADMIRAL, &c.

Mr. John Bruce writing to *Notes and Queries*, 4th Series, iii. 222, was, I believe, the first to point out that Fenton was wrong in referring this poem to the time when the Earl of Northumberland was appointed General of the English Army against the Scots, and to a sickness feigned by him to relieve himself of his command. The Earl was nominated Lord Admiral, March 18, 1638 (his appointment is dated April 13), and the following extracts from the Strafford Correspondence leave no doubt as to the date and the reality of the illness to which Waller alludes. Garrard writing to Lord Wentworth (May 10, 1638), after describing the nature of the Earl's complaint and the remedies applied by Mayerne and Baskerville, his physicians, says, "these last two nights he rested very well, so that the lookers-on as well as the physicians begin to conceive good hopes of his recovery, which I beseech

God to grant, since he is one of the noblest and bravest gentlemen this age hath bred; the King, the kingdom, all his friends would have an unspeakable loss of him, he is infinitely lamented by all sorts of men."

Writing again, on July 3 of the same year, to Lord Wentworth, Garrard announces the Earl's recovery and says, "He is a well-beloved man here in England, I never knew greater lamentations made for any man's recovery. I never had so long a time of sorrow; for seven weeks I did nothing heartily but pray, not sleep nor eat, in all that time I never bowled; I hope now we shall have days of mirth, if the Scots will give us leave."

This poem appeared in the second (1642) and third (1651) editions of Carew's poems.

P. 33, *l.* 10.—The second wife of the Earl of Northumberland was Elizabeth, daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, through whom he became possessed of Northumberland House in the Strand.

P. 33, *l.* 12.—Cf. p. 42, ll. 45-56, and Pope, *Autumn*, ll. 15-16.

> "When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
> Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan."

P. 33, *ll.* 17-20.—Laud, writing to Lord Wentworth, May 14, 1638, says, "My Lord of Northumberland was at the last made Lord Admiral till the Duke of York come of age. . . . but now, (which I am heartily sorry to write) all the hopes of his service are in danger, for he hath been in a high fever now these three weeks; and though the physicians speak of out of danger, yet for my part, out of my love to

him and his worth, am very fearful. I pray God comfort and repair him, for his loss will be great in these times."

P. 34, *l.* 28.—A reference to the Countess of Carlisle, the Earl's sister: the illness of his brother, Henry Percy (*The next support, fair hope of your great name*), appears to be referred to in l. 30. Garrard, writing to Lord Wentworth, May 10, 1638 (the letter quoted from above), says, "his brother Percy hath also been desperately sick of a burning fever, stark mad with it, but mends somewhat, though slowly. I thought last week we should have lost both the brothers together."

P. 34, *ll.* 33-34.—Cf. *Samson Agonistes*, 727-8—

"but now with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew she weeps."

P. 35.—TO THE QUEEN MOTHER OF FRANCE, &c.

After her exile from France, Marie de Medicis had lived at Brussels and Avênes in Hainault; in Aug., 1638, she announced her intention of visiting England, and in spite of the remonstrances of Charles I., conveyed through Boswell, his agent at the Hague, she started on Sept. 25: on Sept. 30 her servant Monsigot announced to Charles that she was on the way, and in deference to the pleadings of Henrietta Maria, he ordered that she should be honourably received on her arrival. She landed at Harwich on Oct. 19. Her welcome appears to have been of a very mixed character, and after living in St. James's Palace for three years, as a pensioner of the King, she was in Aug., 1641, on the petition of Parliament, removed from the kingdom.

P. 35, *ll.* 9-11.—Echard, quoted by Fenton, says she arrived at the time of such extreme wet and windy weather, that the water-men distinguished it by the name of *Queen-Mother weather.* In a masque presented at York House, Nov. 5, 1626, Marie de Medicis had been "represented as enthroned in the midst of the celestial deities upon the sea which separated England and France, welcoming the Elector and Electress as well as her three daughters with their husbands, the Kings of England and Spain and the Prince of Piedmont." (Gardiner, *England under Buckingham and Charles I.*, ii. 100.)

P. 36, *ll.* 13-16.—Cf. Æn. vi. 785-8—

> "qualis Berecyntia mater
> Invehitur curru Phrygias *turrita* per urbes,
> Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
> Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes."

P. 36, *l.* 30.—Marie de Medicis was daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany: the references in the preceding lines are to Tasso, with whom Waller was familiar through the medium of Fairfax's translation.

P. 37.—UPON THE DEATH OF MY LADY RICH.

Lady Anne Cavendish, only daughter of William, Earl of Devonshire, married to Lord Rich, heir of the Earl of Warwick, died in her 27th year, on Aug. 24, 1638, at Lees, and was buried at Felstead, in Essex. Dr. John Gauden composed a long Latin inscription upon her, in prose, and Sidney Godolphin wrote some verses to her memory, which were first printed with Gauden's Funeral Sermon on her son, Lord

Robert Rich, 1658, and included by Fenton in his edition of Waller.

P. 37, *l.* 4.—Cf. Pope, *Windsor Forest*, 45-56—

> "To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
> And Kings more furious and severe than they."

P. 37, *ll.* 21-24.—Cf. Oldham, *To Madam L.E., upon her Recovery*—

> "The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us see
> That Goddesses from wounds could not be free."

P. 38, *l.* 26.—Her mother was Christian (so called from having been born on Christmas Day), daughter of Edward, Lord Bruce of Kinloss, who claimed descent from Robert Bruce (cf. l. 32). This lady, one of the most intelligent and distinguished women of her time, after having contributed to the Restoration by secret intrigues with Monk, died Jan. 16, 1675.

P. 38, *ll.* 41-42.—Fenton says these lines are imitated from Aurelius Victor's character of Fabricius, *qui difficilius ab honestate quam sol a suo cursu averti posset.*

P. 39, *ll.* 57-58.—Cf. the poem on p. 60, *Tell me, lovely, loving pair!*

P. 39, *ll.* 61-62.—Cf. Sidney Godolphin's lines—

> "The largest mind, and which did most extend
> To all the laws of daughter, wife, and friend."

P. 39, *ll.* 75-76.—Cf. p. 127, ll. 10-12.

P. 40, *ll.* 86-89.—Cf. Oldham, *On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Kingscourt*—

> "'Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,
> Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
> And can't be said to die but disappear."

And Flatman, *On the Death of Charles II.*—

"But Princes, (like the wondrous Enoch) should be free
From Death's unbounded Tyranny,
And when their Godlike Race is run,
And nothing glorious left undone,
Never submit to Fate, but only disappear."

Browning, in a private letter, expressed admiration for this idea, but assigned the credit of it to Flatman.

P. 40.—THYRSIS, GALATEA.

The lady, whose death is lamented in this poem, was Lady Mary Feilding, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Denbigh, and Mary, daughter of Sir George Villiers, and sister of George, first Duke of Buckingham. She was married in 1620 to James, first Duke of Hamilton (then Earl of Arran), and died May 10, 1638.

P. 41, *l.* 16.—Fenton quotes from Florus, Procem 2, "ad constituendum ejus imperium contendisse virtus et fortuna videantur."

P. 41, *ll.* 19-20.—The Duke of Hamilton traced his descent from a sister of King James III. of Scotland, and the right of his family to succeed to the crown, upon failure of the Stuart line, was recognized by Parliament. Lady Hamilton was Lady of the Bedchamber to Henrietta Maria, and was, according to Burnet, admitted by her "into an entire confidence and friendship."

P. 41, *ll.* 29-34.—Cf. Cicero, *de Senect.* xix. 30. "Quasi poma ex arboribus, cruda si sint, vi avelluntur; si matura et cocta, decidunt: sic vitam adolescentibus vis aufert; senibus maturitas.

P. 43.—ON MY LADY DOROTHY SIDNEY'S PICTURE.

Anthony Vandyck arrived in England about the end of March, or the beginning of April, 1632, having previously paid a short visit to this country in 1630, There are at least three portraits of Sacharissa painted by him, to one of which this poem doubtless alludes. The Earl of Leicester sat to him in 1632, but the language of the lines "To Vandyck," and the apparent age of Lady Dorothy in her portraits, seem to point to a later date, when he had painted a series of English pictures. Sir William Temple had a portrait of her, probably a copy of one of Vandyck's; writing to him, Dorothy Osborne says: "I have sent you my picture because you wished for it: but pray let it not presume to disturb my lady Sunderland's."

P. 43, *l.* 1.—The reference is to the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, the great-uncle of Lady Dorothy, in which Pyrocles and Musidorus, seeing the portraits of Philoclea and Pamela (*Musidorus' flame*) hanging in the house of Calander, fall in love with them and ultimately marry the originals. Dorus was the name assumed by Musidorus when he disguised himself as a shepherd and obtained entrance into the house of Dametas, the guardian of Pamela.

P. 43, *ll.* 4-5.—Cf. II. 88, l. 2.

P. 44.—TO VANDYCK.

P. 45, *ll.* 49 50.—Cf. p. 28, ll. 17-18.

P. 46.—AT PENSHURST.

P. 46, *ll.* 17-20.—Cf. p. 16, ll. 11-15.

P. 47, *ll.* 25-27.—Cf. Ben Jonson, *To Penshurst.* 13-16—

> "That taller Tree, which of a Nut was set,
> At his great Birth, where all the Muses met.
> There in the writhed Bark, are cut the Names
> Of many a Sylvane, taken with his flames."

P. 47.—TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

P. 47, *l.* 12.—The Earl of Leicester started from Rye, to act as ambassador at the Court of France, May 17, 1636, and took his leave of the French King, upon his return to England, March 14, 1639.

P. 50.—OF THE MISREPORT OF HER BEING PAINTED.

P. 50, *l.* 17.—Cf. Spenser, *Muiopotmos*, st. 21, ll. 3-4.

"There lavish Nature in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights."

P. 50, *l.* 22.—Thaumantias, *i. e.*, Iris, the daughter of Thaumas.

P. 51.—OF HER PASSING THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

P. 51, *l.* 8.—*admiral*, the leading ship of a squadron.

P. 51, *l.* 13.—*insults* = exults.

P. 53.—FABULA PHŒBI ET DAPHNES.

There is a tradition that these lines were written by Sir John Suckling, and by him sent to Waller.

P. 53.—SONG—*Say, Lovely Dream!*

This poem was printed in Beaumont's Poems, 1653: it was probably conveyed straight from the edition of 1645 of Waller, as a misprint, *Shales* for *Shades*, occurs in both.

P. 55.—TO THE SERVANT OF A FAIR LADY.

P. 55, *l.* 1.—Dorothy Osborne, writing to Sir William Temple, frequently speaks of her maid, Jane Wright, as his "fellow-servant."

P. 57.—TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

This lady, a younger sister of Sacharissa, was married to John, eldest son of Sir Thomas Pelham, Jan. 20, 1647.

P. 58.—TO AMORET.

Fenton says that he had heard the Duke of Buckingham say that the person whom Waller celebrated under the title of Amoret was Lady Sophia Murray. This lady, the daughter of the Earl of Annandale, was certainly an acquaintance of Waller, she was implicated in his plot, but it seems to me more likely that Amoret stands for Lady Anne Cavendish, afterwards Lady Rich. In the edition of 1645 the poem which immediately follows this is headed : *On the Friendship betwixt Sacharissa and Amoret*, and the note to it in Mr. Waller's transcript is *Lady Dor. Sidnie & Lady Anne Candish wife to my Lord Rich :* what is said there of the friendship between the two agrees with the lines on the death of Lady Rich, p. 37.

P. 62.—ON HER COMING TO LONDON.

These lines are here for the first time included in Waller's poems ; they occur among the State Papers, Dom. Charles I. CCCCXIV. 19, and were sent to *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, iii. 1, by Mr. John Bruce. In places, the paper upon which they are written is worn, and the words in brackets are conjectural. At the end of the poem is written, *Intended to her Lāp at her coming to London, March the* 2, 1638. The figure "8" has apparently been written over a "7."

P. 64.—AT PENSHURST.

P. 64, *ll.* 21-23.—An allusion to Mount Sion, a hill from the foot of which the mineral waters at Tunbridge Wells issue.

P. 66.—THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS.

The Bermudas derived their name of Summer Islands from the fact that Sir George Somers was wrecked upon them in 1609 while on his way to Virginia. James I. granted a charter to certain merchant-adventurers for the colonization and government of the islands, and the rules and regulations of the Company were published in 1621—"Orders and Constitutions, Partly collected out of his Majestie's Letters Patents; and partly by authority and in vertue of the said Letters Patents." Waller, in speaking of them as "late-discovered isles," appears to have been ignorant of, or to have purposely ignored, the visit which Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard, is said to have paid to them in 1522. Historians of the Bermudas have delighted to point out inaccuracies in Waller's description, and have even declared that the event which this poem celebrates is geographically impossible. There is no evidence, beyond a vague tradition, that the poet ever visited the islands, and when he says, "Bermudas walled with rocks, who does not know?" he is only crediting his audience with the same kind of familiarity with the place as he had himself, such as could be derived from the accounts of others. Waller certainly did not invent this story of the Whales, and it is possible that Marvell may have had this particular incident in his mind when he wrote of the Bermudas—

> "Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
> That lift the deep upon their backs."
>
> *Marvell*, vol. i. p. 39 (ed. Aitken).

The whole of Marvell's poem, Fairfax, "Godfrey of

Bulloigne," xv. 35-36, xvi. 11, and Spenser, "Faerie Queene," iii. 6. 42, should be compared with Waller's description of the islands.

P. 66, *l.* 12.—No. 200 of the "Orders" above mentioned is a curious commentary on this line—"No kind of Timber-wood growing in the said Ilands shall be used for firewood." It appears that the orange-crop had suffered severely from the loss of the protection from the wind which the cedars had afforded.

P. 67, *ll.* 46-47.—Cf. Oldham, "Verses. Presenting a Book to Cosmelia"—

> "Sure Heaven preserv'd her by the Fall uncurst,
> To tell how good the Sex was made at first."

P. 70, *ll.* 29-30. Cf. Horace, Odes i. 3. 9-12.

P. 70, *l.* 49.—Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, was one of the principal proprietors of the Bermudas (a parish there still bears his name); he had been mainly instrumental in settling the colony there and elsewhere in the West Indies. He disposed of twenty of his shares in the Bermuda Company to one Trott for £600, a sale which involved his family in litigation after his death.

P. 71, *l.* 11.—Spenser, "Faerie Queene," v. 1. 12.

P. 73, *l.* 64.—*En.* 11, 749. *Repeat* = seek again, Latin *repeto*. Cf. Dryden, "Annus Mirabilis," 257—

> "And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
> With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun."

P. 75.—WHEN HE WAS AT SEA.

These lines were first printed by Neve (*Cursory Remarks on English Poets*, 1789,) and afterwards, from another MS., in the "Tixall Poetry," 1813.

P. 75.—TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

[Cf. Cowley, *To the Lord Falkland. For his safe Return from the* Northern Expedition *against the* SCOTS.]

This poem was occasioned by the miserable expedition against the Scots which was organized in Feb., 1639. The General-in-Chief was the Earl of Arundel, and, in spite of his protests, the Earl of Holland, "the most incompetent of men," was forced upon him as his General of Horse. Holland, celebrated for the courtliness of his manners and his handsome person, owed his appointment solely to the favour of the Queen, and his conduct was said to have led to the failure of the Expedition, though Professor Gardiner (*Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I.*, vol. i. pp. 230-1) acquits him of the treachery with which he has been charged.

P. 76, *ll.* 26-28.—Cf. Oldham, "To the Memory of Mr. Atwood"—

> "Like the fair teeming Hebrew, she
> Did travail with a wrangling progeny,
> And harbour'd in her bowels feuds and civil wars."

Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," xx. 114—

> "And as a Lyon strikes him with his train,
> His Native Wrath to quicken and to move;
> So he awak'd his fury and disdain"—

and xv. 50.

Cowley, "On his Majesties Return out of Scotland"—

> "How justly would our Neighbours smile
> At these mad quarrels of our Isle
> Sweld with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,"—
>
> . . . . . .

"This noise at home was but Fates policie
To raise our Spirits more high.
So a bold Lyon ere he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away."

Dryden, "Astræa Redux," 115-18—

"Tremble, ye nations, who secure before,
Laughed at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Roused by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our Lion now will foreign foes assail."

P. 77.—OF THE QUEEN.

The opening of this poem has been imitated by Leigh Hunt in his address to Queen Victoria.

"The lark dwells lowly, Madam,—on the ground,—
And yet his Song within the heavens is found," &c.

P. 80.—THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP, &c.

Mr. Gosse (*Shakespeare to Pope*, p. 69), followed by Mrs. Ady (*Sacharissa*, Julia Cartwright, p. 34), has treated this poem as addressed to Sacharissa—"The Lady who can do anything but Sleep when she pleaseth" is, of course, the Queen.

P. 82.—PUERPERIUM.

Fenton supposes that this poem was written shortly before the Queen was delivered of her fourth son, Henry, Duke of Gloucester (born at Oatlands, July 20, 1640), in the midst of the Scotch troubles.

P. 82, *ll.* 5-12.—Cf. Lucretius, I. 29-40.

P. 82, *l.* 16.—Fenton has remarked upon Waller's accentuation of "halcýon," "in which he has never been, nor deserves to be imitated by others"; he

quotes Sandys, *Translation of the Metamorphoses*, Bk. xi.—

> "Seven winter days with peaceful calms possest,
> Alcyon sits upon her floating nest."

Cf. also Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Triumph*, st. 20.

P. 83.—TO AMORET.

P. 83, *ll.* 1-2.—Cf. Suckling, Brennoralt—

> "Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky,
> A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

P. 83, *ll.* 6-11.—These lines are printed, with some variations, as part of a poem, a patchwork of several of Waller's, in *Wits' Recreations*, 1645. I have not thought it necessary to note the variations which appear in such of Waller's poems as are contained in the above collection, they are obviously the result of faulty copying or imperfect recollection.

P. 84.—TO PHYLLIS.

This appears in *W. R.*, as "The cunning Curtezan," and is followed by "The Fall" (p. 96), which is headed "The Reply."

P. 85.—À LA MALADE.

P. 85, *ll.* 19-20.—"I mention them not upon account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very same rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does; and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the first of these couplets; for there it runs thus—

> "'So lightnings in a stormy air,
> Scorch more than when the sky is fair.'"
>
> *Bp. of Rochester to Pope, Sept.* 27, 1721.

P. 86, *ll.* 22-24.—Cf. Oldham, "To Madam L. E."—

> "By every breach in that fair lodging made,
> Its blest Inhabitant is more display'd,"

and II. 144, ll. 13-14.

P. 89.—FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

In Mr. Waller's transcript, from which the first six and last ten lines of this poem are here for the first time printed, this piece is headed, "An answeare to on that writ against Healths." It may have been directed against Prynne, who in 1628 published *Healthes: Sicknesse. Or A Compendious And briefe Discourse; proving the drinking and pledging of Healthes, to be Sinfull, and utterly Unlawfull unto Christians.*

Cf. Fuller, "David's Heinous Sin," st. 27—

> "My prayers for friends' prosperity and wealth
> Shall ne'er be wanting; but if I refuse
> To hurt myself by drinking others' health,
> O, let ingenuous natures me excuse.
> If men bad manners this esteem, then I
> Desire to be esteem'd unmannerly,
> That to live well will suffer wine to die."

P. 90.—OF MY LADY ISABELLA, &c.

This lady was Lady Isabella Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, afterwards married to Sir James Thynne of Longleat. She was the subject of much scandal in her day, and Dorothy Osborne, writing to Sir W. Temple, says, "But my Lady Isabella, that speaks, and looks and sings and plays and all so prettily, why cannot I say that she is free from faults as her sister believes her?"

P. 91.—OF MRS. ARDEN.

Fenton suggests that this lady may have been a Maid of Honour or a Gentlewoman of the Bedchamber to Henrietta Maria, and the same who is

mentioned as having taken part in Montague's *Shepherd's Paradise*. Cf. Marvell, "The Fair Singer."

P. 92.—OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

This poem, which appears in *W. R.*, 1645, headed "On the two Dwarfs that were marryed at Court, not long before Shrovetide," celebrates the marriage of Richard Gibson and Anne Shepherd, each of whom was three feet ten inches high. Charles I. and his Queen were present at the wedding, and the latter appears to have promised the bride a diamond ring, which, however, she never received. Richard Gibson was page to the King. Under Franz Cleyn he attained considerable success in painting, and taught Queen Anne and her sister. He died July 23, 1690, in the 75th year of his age; his widow survived till 1709, when she was 89 years old.

P. 96.—THE FALL.

P. 96, *ll.* 15-16.—Cf. Oldham, "The Dream"—

"So heretofore were the first Lovers laid
On the same Turf of which themselves were made."

P. 96, *ll.* 23-4.—Cf. Ayres, "On the Death of Cynthia's Horse"—

"A Heaven of Beauty overpressed thy Back,
This might have made Alcides shoulders crack,
And Atlas truckled under such a weight."

P. 97.—OF SYLVIA.

P. 97, *l.* 1.—Cf. Horace, Odes iv. 13. 1.—"Audivere, Lyce, Di mea vota."

P. 98.—THE BUD.

Printed in *W. R.*, 1645, and *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653.

P. 98, *l.* 8.—D'Israeli omitted to notice this line in discussing the meaning and use of *purpureus* and *purple* in the *Curiosities of Literature*, q. v.

P. 98, *l.* 14.—The text of this line is unsatisfactory. In *W. R.* the passage runs—

> "And if loose breath so much can do,
> It may as well inform of love."

The verb "inform" is used by Waller (see p. 77, l. 11, and p. 78, l. 24), and Hammond (*Poems, By W. H.*, 1655) has

> "For lamely would the Will's bright Chariot move,
> If not inform'd by friendly heat of Love."

One would have preferred *inform'd*, if it had not been corrected in the Errata of the edition of 1682: "in forms of love," *i.e.*, constrained into the language of love, affords perhaps some contrast to "our *loose* breath."

P. 99.—ON THE DISCOVERY OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

In *W. R.*, 1645, "On a patch'd up Madam."

P. 100.—OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Printed in *W. R.*, 1645, where it immediately follows the preceding poem, and is headed "The Reply on the Contrary"; it also appears in Francis Beaumont's Poems, 1653, signed Tho. Batt.

P. 100, *ll.* 3-4.—In *W. R.*—

> "I now no painted colours find,
> But settled stand upon the shore."

"Snatched from myself," from Horace, Odes iv. 13. 20.—"Quae me surpuerat mihi."

P. 101.—THE SELF-BANISHED.

W. R., 1645, "The Melancholy Lover:" it forms the beginning of the patchwork poem referred to in the note on p. 83, ll. 6-11: also printed in *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653.

P. 102.—TO A FRIEND, &c.

W. R., 1645, "The Variable Lover; or a Reply to the Melancholy Lover." Robert Keck says this poem is addressed to "Mr. Alexander Hambden, a cousin of the Author." Keck appears to have contemplated an edition of Waller, and has left behind him a copy of the edition of 1705 with MS. notes, which is now in the Dyce Collection at South Kensington.

P. 103.—TO ZELINDA.

In the edition of 1645 this poem is headed "Palamede to Zelinde. Ariana, lib. 6"; it appeared in *W. R.*, 1645, as "The Ladyes Slave to his Mistresse." In one of the tales added in the 1639 edition of the "Ariane" of Des Marets, Zelinde, in answer to Palamede, expresses her determination to wed none but a Prince.

TO A LADY SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Ayres and Dialogues, "To the same Lady singing the former Song," *i.e.*, "While I listen," &c.

P. 105, *ll.* 5-8.—It is impossible to arrive at the origin of this figure; it occurs in a fragment of "The Myrmidons" of Æschylus, where it is introduced by the words, "Ως ὅ'ἐστὶ μύθων τῶν Λιβυστικῶν

λόγος," and Porson, in his edition of the "Medea," has collected instances of its use by other classical authors. This is, I believe, its first appearance in English poetry, though probably few who have admired Byron's well-known lines are aware of it.

Cf. K. Philips, "On Controversies in Religion"—

> "And meets that Eagle's destiny, whose breast
> Felt the same shaft which his own feathers drest."

P. 106.—TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

In *W. R.*, 1645, this follows "Fairest piece," &c., and is headed "The Reply"; it was also printed in Francis Beaumont's Poems, 1653.

P. 108, *ll.* 55-56.—Cf. p. 104, ll. 39-40. "Camoens, speaking of the voyages of the Argonauts and of Ulysses, says that the undertakings of the Portuguese shall give credit to all those fables in surpassing them."—Bayle, iv. 84.

P. 112.—TO CHLORIS.

In the edition of 1645 these verses were headed "To Chloris uppon a favour receaved." Fenton had seen a copy of an old edition in which there was a note that Mr. Waller said this poem was "supposititious"; he was unable to reject it, and could only suppose that the poet "wrote it when he was young, and afterwards was too delicate to own it under the title which it bears in the first impression"; it appears in *Ayres and Dialogues*, vol. ii., 1655, headed "To a Lady, more affable since the war began"!

P. 114.—CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

In *W. R.*, 1645, "On the approaching Spring."

P. 114, *ll.* 1-2.—Cf. Pope, "Spring," 25-26.

> "Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
> When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?"

IN ANSWER OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

P. 117, *l.* 28.—Cf. Oldham, "A fragment of Petronius paraphras'd"—

> "I hate Fruition, now 'tis past,
> 'Tis all but nastiness at best;
> The homeliest thing that man can do."

P. 121.—ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS.

In *W. R.*, 1645, "On a brede of divers colours, woven by four Maids of Honour, and presented to the Queen on New Year's Day last."

P. 121, *ll.* 5-6.—Cf. II. p. 114, ll. 11-12.

P. 122.—TO CHLORIS.

These lines, after appearing in the edition of 1645, were, for some reason, omitted from all the other editions published during Waller's life.

P. 126.—BEHOLD THE BRAND OF BEAUTY TOSSED!

Printed in Francis Beaumont's Poems, 1653.

P. 127.—WHILE I LISTEN TO THY VOICE.

Ayres and Dialogues, 1653.

P. 128.—GO, LOVELY ROSE!

W. R., 1645, "On the Rose." *Ayres and Dialogues*, vol. ii., 1655.

Cf. Pope, "Spring," 61 *et seq.* in the original MS.—

"Go flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compared to thine how bright her beauties show;
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decayed."

The above seem to be a direct imitation of Waller's lines, but as has been pointed out (*Notes and Queries*, 5th series, xi. 275), the simile was so common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "that it would be almost impossible to say who did not use it. Among the best known are Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Bk. ii. 12. 74-75. Fairfax, *Tasso*, xvi. 14-15. Giles Fletcher, *Christ's Victorie*. Fanshawe's transl. *Pastor Fido*, and again in *Additional Poems*. Samuel Daniel, *Description of Beauty translated out of Marino*, and again in *Sonnet to Delia*. Stanley, *Time Recovered*. Harrington, *Orlando Furioso*, Bk. i. 42-43. It is used by Erasmus in his Colloquies more than once, and is to be found in Ausonius, Catullus, (both quoted by Burton in his *Anatomy*) and the *Book of Wisdom*. It is also more or less closely followed by Chaucer, Drummond, Cleveland, Prior, &c." To the above may be added, Robert Chester, and, perhaps best known of all, Herrick.

Kirke White added—

"Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,
That Virtue lives when Beauty dies."

Lines, which, in Southey's opinion, Waller might have written if he had pursued the subject in this vein.

Vol. II. p. 1.—UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

W. R., 1645, "To be ingraven under the Queen's Picture." Lines 1-2 are here printed for the first time from a common-place book of Edmund Waller, the son of the poet, now in the possession of Mr. Waller; there the heading is, "This was written under my Lady Speke's Picture."

WRITTEN IN MY LADY SPEKE'S SINGING-BOOK.

These lines, printed here for the first time, are taken from the common-place book mentioned above. See note on "Epitaph on Sir George Speke."

P. 2.—TO ONE MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN.

W. R., 1645, "To the wife being marryed to that old man" (referring to another epigram which precedes).

P. 3.—AN EPIGRAM ON A PAINTED LADY, &c.

This appeared in the edition of 1645, and was not reprinted during Waller's life.

P. 3, *ll.* 1-2.—Cf. Vaughan, *Upon Mr. Fletcher's Playes.*

> "For thou hast drain'd Invention, and he
> That writes hereafter, doth but pillage thee."

P. 4, *l.* 8 *and l.* 12.—Melantius and Aspasia are characters in "The Maid's Tragedy," which Waller "altered." While all the critics agree in regarding "The Maid's Tragedy" as the joint production of the two dramatists, some have ascribed more than three-fourths of it to Beaumont.

P. 5.—VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS, &c.

These lines first appeared with the *Oratio In Gymnasio Patavino Habita Prid. Cal. Maii An.* 1646, &c., *a Georgio Rogers Anglo, Doctore gradu suscepto*, in what the bookseller calls *Auctarium sive superpondium hoc poeticum*, given him by Dr. Downes, F.C.P.L. There are several other copies of verses, all but Waller's, in Latin, among them one signed *Ioan. Euelinus Anglus.* Dr. Rogers was incorporated in the University of Oxford, April 14, 1647, and afterwards became President of the College of Physicians.

P. 6.—TO MY LADY MORTON, &c.

This poem first appeared as a broadside, *London, Printed for Henry Herringman on the Lower walk of the New Exchange.* 1661. It was doubtless written, as it purports to have been, in France, and was printed by Waller when the prophecy contained in ll. 45-46 had been fulfilled. I suppose it is in connection with this poem that Robert Wild speaks of Waller as "Great Poet and true Prophet too." Ann, Countess of Morton, was the daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, half-brother of George, first Duke of Buckingham. She married Robert Douglas, Lord Dalkeith, who, on the death of his father, became Earl of Morton. The story of her flight, disguised as a French servant, from Oatlands to France, in 1646, with the Princess Henrietta, is well known. She died in December, 1654.

P. 7, *ll.* 31-32.—Cf. II. 72, l. 5.

P. 8.—TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, &c.

These lines first appeared in a little 12mo book published in Paris in 1650, *A Discourse upon Gondibert. An Heroick Poem Written by Sir William D'Avenant With an Answer to it by Mr. Hobbs*, they were reprinted with both the editions of "Gondibert" published in 1651. The heading at first was, "To Sir William D'Avenant, Upon his two first books of Gondibert, finished before his Voyage to America"—the words "Written in France," were substituted for the last six of this title, in the "1664" and other editions of Waller's Poems. Sir William Davenant (1606-1668), his "Gondibert," his misfortunes, and the sport he made for the wits of his time are all too well known to need particular mention here. He had been in trouble in connection with the Army Plot in 1641, and had fled to France, but afterwards returned to England, and was, on March 8, 1644, accused by the Parliament of High Treason. He formed the design of conveying a party of artificers, chiefly weavers, from France to Virginia, but the vessel in which he had embarked having been captured by one of the ships in the service of the English Parliament, he was confined in Cowes Castle, and afterwards in the Tower.

P. 10.—A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR, &c.

There were two editions of this poem in 1655—

(i) A | Panegyrick | To | My Lord Protector, | Of | The present Greatness and joynt Inn | terest of His Highness, and this Nation. | By E. W. Esq. | London, | Printed for Richard Lowndes at the White Lyon in | S. Pauls Church-yard, neer the little North-

dore. | 1655. Quarto. A 3 (p. 1) to B 3. Title and five leaves, blank leaf besides at each end.

(ii) A | Panegyrick | To My | Lord Protector, | By A | Gentleman | That | Loves the Peace, Union, and Prosperity | Of The | English Nation. | Claudian: &c. | Gaudet enim virtus testes sibi jungere Musas, | Carmen amat quisquis Carmine digna gerit. | London, | Printed by Thomas Newcomb, in Thames-street | over against Baynards-Castle, 1655. Small folio. Title and three leaves.

In spite of the hint which is given as to the authorship, which one would rather have expected to find in a second impression, the text leaves no doubt that (i) is the first, possibly pirated, edition. I only know of the existence of two copies of (ii), one in the Bodleian, and one in the library of Mr. Buxton Forman, which he very kindly allowed me to collate. I have adopted the text of this edition. The "Panegyric" was not reprinted until 1690, by Bennet and by Tonson, whose editors appear to have used MS. copies, as there are variations, verbal and unimportant, from the texts of the Quarto and Folio in both their editions.

No one probably would see these lines sooner than the person to whom they were addressed, and the letter from Cromwell to Waller (June 13, 1655) which I have printed in the Introduction would seem to show that they had not been written or circulated in MS. long before the date of their publication,—("May 31" MS. note on the copy of (i) in the British Museum),—but I am inclined to think that part at least of the poem was in circulation nearly two years

before, for in 1653 appeared "The Incomparable Poem Gondibert Vindicated," &c., where these lines occur—

> "You think they feign, that is they lie,
> That spake of *Gondibert* so high.
> If that their Verses were much taller
> *Waller* hath since out-Gondid *Waller*."

The reference can hardly be to anything but the "Panegyric," (I know of nothing written by Waller between this and the preceding poem),—which is introduced, not as Mr. Gosse supposes, on account of its "pompous rhetoric," but the unworthiness of its subject. It is possible that Waller re-cast and made additions to the poem, as he appears to have done to "Instructions to a Painter," and that it was not sent to Cromwell till it was printed.

P. 10, *ll.* 9-10.—Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," iii. 52—

> "Above the Waves as Neptune lift his Eyes,
> To chide the Winds that Trojan Ships oppressed."

P. 11, *ll.* 39-40.—Cf. Marvell, "An Horatian Ode," &c., 97-98—

> "What may not then our Isle presume,
> While Victory his crest does plume?"

P. 14, *l.* 100.—Cf. Pope, "Windsor Forest," 400—

> "And seas but join the regions they divide."

P. 14, *l.* 105.—The last great sea-fight between Blake and Tromp, in which the latter was killed, July 29, 1653.

P. 17, *ll.* 165-68.—Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," viii. 83—

> "So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
> And beats his tail, with courage proud, and wroth,
> If his commander come, who first took pain
> To tame his youth, his lofty crest down go'th."

P. 17, *l.* 175.—Dorothy Osborne, writing to Sir William Temple in 1653, says: "My Lord Saye, I am told, has writ a romance since his retirement in the Isle of Lundy, and Mr. Waller, they say, is making one of our wars, which, if he does not mingle with a great deal of pleasing fiction, cannot be very diverting, sure the subject is so sad." It is possible this may only refer to the present poem, there is no trace of any poem by Waller on the Civil War.

P. 18.—TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE.

These lines first appeared with Wase's translation of the *Cynegeticon* of Gratius Faliscus, 1654. At the end of the "Preface to the Reader," one Mr. Robert Creswel, addressing Wase, and speaking of Gratius, says:

> "One who has all the right that man can doe,
> You set forth him, and noble Waller you."

Christopher Wase, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, was the author of a translation of the *Electra* and several other works. He dedicated his translation of Gratius to Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, to whom he was tutor. The following letter from Waller to an unknown correspondent was

printed by Mr. Hazlitt in his *Collections and Notes*:—"April 1652. S^r^ my noble frend the Earle of Deuenshire being now about to the send the younge Lord his sonn into the world hath asked my aduise concerning a gouerner for him, w^ch^ occasion I tooke to comend our good frend M^r^ Wase, speaking so well (that is so deseruedly) of him, that my Lord hath a great desire to see and conferr w^th^ him, & to that end will beare his charges to Latimers in Buckinghamshire, where his Ldp now is. Truly (S^r^) if M^r^ Wase be not prouided of some other very good imployment, he can not come into a nobler family in England, nor fynde better entertainment any where. This is the opinion of, S^r^, y^r^ obedient Seruant, "Waller."

P. 20.—AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM, &c.

These lines were first printed with the Earl of Monmouth's translation of Cardinal Bentivoglio's *History of the Wars of Flanders*, published in 1654. Henry Carey, Earl of Monmouth, was born about 1595, and died June 13, 1661: he was the author of several translations from the French and Italian, upon which he was complimented by Sir John Suckling, Sir William Davenant, and other poets of his day.

P. 21.—TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER EVELYN.

These lines are here printed as they appear in the "1664," and other editions of Waller's Poems: they were first printed in *An Essay on the first book of T.*

Lucretius Carus, &c. Interpreted and made English Verse by J. Evelyn, Esq: · · · London: 1656., in a slightly different form—

> "*Lucretius* with a stork-like fate,
> Born and translated in a state,
> Comes to proclaim in English Verse
> No Monarch Rules the Universe;
> But chance and Atomes make *this All*
> In Order Democratical,
> Where Bodies freely run their course,
> Without design, or Fate, or Force.
> And this in such a strain he sings,
> As if his Muse with Angels wings
> Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere
> And other Worlds discover'd there;
> For his immortal boundless wit
> To Nature does no bounds permit;
> But boldly," &c.

There are also the following minor variations—l. 13, *they were* for *she was*, l. 14 *narrow* for *moderate*, l. 21, *A Tongue too narrow* for *Too weak, too narrow.*

P. 21, *ll.* 17-22.—Cf. Lucretius, i. 135-38.

P. 22, *l.* 38.—Cf. Lucretius, iv. 1-2.

P. 23.—OF A WAR WITH SPAIN, AND A FIGHT AT SEA.

Mr. C. H. Firth has very kindly directed me to two publications of these lines.

(i) A broadside is among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum (669, f. $\frac{21}{2}$) entitled, "A Lamentable Narration of the sad Disaster of a great | part of the *Spanish* Plate-Fleet that perished neare St *Lucas*, (*sic*) where the Mar | quiss, his Lady, and Children and many hundreth (*sic*) of *Spanyards* were Burnt | and sunke in the bottom of the Sea, by the Valour and Prowess of the two | brave Generals *Mountague* and *Blake* in the yeare, 1657. being their | first Victory obtained against the *Spanyard* in that Voyage." At the end of the poem is the imprint, "London, Printed by T. F. for N. B."

This copy is dated in MS. "Aprill 13, 1658."

(ii) In the History of the Life and Death Of . . Oliver, Late Lord Protector . . By S. Carrington . . . London. 1659, where they are described as "that never till now published & Incomparable Poem of the English Virgil of our times, Mr. Edmund Waller, on General Mountague's wonderful Victory at Sea over the Spaniards at Sancta Cruze."

The British Museum copy of (i) is dated in MS. "Aprill 13, 1658," and apart from the fact that the dates so inscribed upon other pieces in this particular collection have been supposed to be those of publication, I am inclined to think it earlier than Carrington's book, in spite of his express declaration. Both contain the first four lines which I have quoted from Col. Cunningham's copy, and (i) has the whole passage, but omits lines 89-100 of my text.

Spain having declared war against England, Feb. 16, 1656, a fleet was sent to the Mediterranean under the command of Blake and Montague : several projects

for its employment were formed and abandoned, and it remained for some months inactive, before Cadiz. On September 8, Captain Richard Stayner in the *Speaker*, going with two other vessels to a neighbouring bay to take in water, fell in with eight galleons, all of which he either captured or destroyed. His exploit forms the subject of Waller's lines.

P. 25, *l.* 49.—Fenton refers this to Cicero, *de Divinat. II.*—"Omnesne qui Cannensi pugnâ ceciderunt, uno astro fuerint? Exitus quidem omnium unus et idem fuit."

P. 26, *l.* 77.—The Marquis of Badajos, Viceroy of Mexico.

P. 26, *l.* 82.—Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," xx. st. 98—

> "And, for he could not save her, with her dy'd."

P. 27, *l.* 89.—The Marquis, with his wife and eldest daughter, perished in the flames; his two sons and two younger daughters, together with about a hundred of the crews of the galleons, were rescued by the English.

P. 27, *ll.* 95-96.—Cf. "The Maid's Tragedy Altered"—

> "How frail is Man! how quickly changed are
> Our wrath and fury to a loyal care."

P. 27, *l.* 101.—In the edition of 1711, this poem, faced by a portrait of "Generall Mountague, since Earle of Sandwich," is headed, "Of a War with Spain, and Fight at Sea, by General Montague. In

the year 1656." As a matter of fact, Montague was not even present at the engagement, though he was, upon his arrival at Portsmouth, entrusted with the care of the prisoners and treasure, and afterwards conducted them to London, where he received the thanks of the House of Commons. Stayner, the real hero, for his share in this, and in Blake's victory off Santa Cruz (April 20, 1657), was knighted by Cromwell. Cf. Marvell, "On the Victory obtained by Blake," &c., ll. 117-18—

> "Bold Stayner leads; this fleet's designed by fate
> To give him laurel, as the last did plate."

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND SIR THOMAS HIGGONS, &C.

Sir Thomas Higgons was born at Westbury, in Shropshire, in 1624; he married (1st) Elizabeth, widow of Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl of Essex (he delivered an oration at her funeral, Sept. 16, 1656), and (2nd) in 1661, Bridget, daughter of Sir Bevil Grenville. He was knighted June 17, 1663, and after having been employed in various diplomatic missions, he died of apoplexy, Nov. 24, 1691, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral. He published, besides "The Venetian Triumph," a "Panegyric to the King on his Restoration," 1660, and a "History of Isuf Bassa," 1684. Waller's lines were printed with "A Prospective of the Naval Triumph of the Venetians over the Turk. To Signor Pietro Liberi That Renowned and famous Painter. By Gio. Francesco Busenello. London, &c. 1658"; they did not appear among his poems till 1682.

P. 28, *l.* 1.—"The winged lion," the arms of Venice.

P. 29.—PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL, TRANSLATED.

"The Passion of Dido for Aeneas as it is incomparably exprest in the fourth book of Virgil, translated by Edmund Waller and Sidney Godolphin, Esqrs." 1658. Reprinted 1679. Waller's portion was first included among his poems in the "1664" edition. John Boys, in the preface to his "Aeneas His Descent into Hell," 1661, says, "The fourth (whose subject is the passion of Dido for Aeneas) hath been equally blest, as having been made speak English by the united Studies of two Gentlemen no less eminent than the former [Sandys]. I wish that the whole Aeneis had learn'd our modern dialect from such excellent masters."

P. 32, *l.* 86.—Cf. Pope, "Eloisa to Abelard," 166—

"A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

P. 34.—UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

These lines were first printed as a broadside, [*Upon the late* | *Storme,* | *and of the death* | *of his* | *Highnesse* | *Ensuing the same,* | *By Mr. Waller. London Printed for H.H.*] and afterwards with Dryden's and Sprat's poems on the same occasion—[*Three Poems* | *Upon the Death of his*

late | *Highnesse* | *Oliver* | Lord Protector | *Of* | *England, Scotland and* | *Ireland. Written* |

By { *Mr. Edm. Waller.* / *Mr. Jo. Dryden.* / *Mr. Sprat*, of Oxford.

London, | *Printed by William Wilson, and are to be sold in* | *Well-yard neer Little St. Bartholomew's* | *Hospitall.* 1659. Title, and B—F 2 in fours. Reprinted in 1682, *Three Poems Upon the Death of the Late Usurper Oliver Cromwell &c.*]

P. 34, *ll.* 9-12.—Fenton quotes from *Hercules Œtæus*, 1638-42—

> "Aggeritur omnis silva, et alternæ trabes
> In astra tollunt Herculi angustum rogum:
> Rapit alta flammis pinus, et robur tenax,
> Et brevior ilex silva: contexit pyram
> Populea silva, frondis Herculeæ nemus."

P. 34, *ll.* 14-16.—Dunkirk was ceded to England as a result of the victory of the combined armies of England and France over the Spaniards, June 17, 1658.

TO THE KING, UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

First edition—*To the* | *King*, | *Upon* | *His Majesty's* | *Happy Return.* | After the last line of the poem, *By Ed. Waller Esq.* | *Printed for Richard Marriot, in St. Dunstans Church-yard, Fleetstreet.* Title, and three leaves, small folio. MS. note on the title of the copy in the British Museum, *June 9th.*

P. 36, *ll.* 13-14.—Fenton sees in these lines a reference to the death of William Oughtred, Rector

of Aldbury, the great mathematician, who, being upwards of eighty years of age, expired in a transport of joy upon hearing of the Restoration.

P. 37, *ll.* 41-42.—Cf. Dryden, "Astræa Redux," 76-77—

> "He made all countries where he came his own,
> And, viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,"—

P. 37, *ll.* 55-56.—Upon the medal struck in honour of the birth of Charles II. was inscribed HACTENUS . ANGLORUM . NULLI . round the four shields of (i) France and England, (ii) Scotland, (iii) France, and (iv) Ireland, he being the first Prince, born in Enland, entitled to bear these arms.

P. 38, *ll.* 83-84.—Two medals were struck at the Restoration, one inscribed "Sicut Argentum Probasti Me," and on the reverse, "Magna Opera Domini"; the other, "Carolus II. Rex.," and on the reverse, "Magnalia Dei."

P. 38, *ll.* 87-88.—Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, "Philaster," act iii. sc. i.

> "The People
> Against their nature are all bent before him:
> And, like a field of standing corn that's mov'd
> With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way."

P. 38, *ll.* 95-98.—Cf. Oldham, "To the Memory of Mr. C. Morwent"—

> "Those Indians who their Kings by Tortures choose,
> Subjecting all the Royal Issue to that Test,
> Could ne'er thy Sway refuse."

P. 39, *ll.* 107-108.—Cf. "The Maid's Tragedy Altered"—

> "Justice and Bounty in a Prince are things
> That Subjects make as happy as their Kings."

P. 40.—ON ST. JAMES'S PARK, &c.

A | Poem | on | St. James's | Park | As lately improved by his | Majesty. | Written by Edmund Waller, Esq ; | London, | Printed for Gabriel Bedel and Thomas Collins | at the Middle-Temple-Gate. 1661. Title and seven leaves, small folio. On p. 11 begins, "Of our late war with Spain," &c. ; at the end, "The Reader is desired to take notice that a false Copy of these verses on St. James's Park was surreptitiously and very imperfectly printed in one sheet, without the Author's knowledge and consent, several lines being there left out." I have not met with any traces of this surreptitious copy.

P. 40, *ll.* 1-3.—Cf. Pope, "Windsor Forest," 7, 8—

> "The groves of Eden vanished now so long,
> Live in description."

P. 40, *l.* 6.—Among the improvements was the introduction into the Park of a stream of water from the Thames.

P. 42, *ll.* 57-66.—The reference is to the game of "paille-maille," a favourite diversion of Charles II.

P. 43, *l.* 87.—Cardinal Wolsey.

P. 43, *l.* 95.—Cf. Addison, "The Campaign"—

> "To make the series of his toils complete."

P. 43, *ll.* 101-104.—Cf. Cowley, "Ode to Mr. Hobbes"—

> "So contraries on Ætna's top conspire ;
> Here hoary frosts ; and by them breaks out fire :
> A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep ;
> Th' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep,"

and Claudian, "Raptus Proserp." I. 164-68.

P. 44, *ll.* 109-10.—At the Coronation of Charles II. a medal was struck, upon the reverse of which the King was represented as a shepherd tending his sheep; the inscription was "Dixi . Custodiam . xxiii . April . 1661 . ", and on the edge, "Coronato . Pastore . Ovat . Ovile ."

P. 44, *ll.* 128-30.—This star, the references to which are numerous, was observed about noon, when Charles I. was returning from St. Paul's after having given thanks for the birth of his son.

TO THE QUEEN, UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY.

Catherine of Braganza was born Nov. 14, 1638, but her birthday was observed in England upon the 25th. These lines were written in 1663. "Orinda" (Mrs. Philips), who had herself written a poem on the same occasion, characterizes them as the worst verses that ever fell from Waller's pen.

P. 46, *ll.* 33-36.—Cf. Fairfax, "Godfrey of Bulloigne," xx. 129—

> "And her fair face, fair bosom, he bedews
> With tears; tears of remorse, of ruth, of sorrow:
> As the pale rose her colour lost renews,
> With the fresh drops fall'n from the silver morrow:
> So, she revives; and cheeks empurpled shows,
> Moist with their own tears, and with tears they borrow."

P. 46, *Nunc itaque*, &c.—This quotation concluded the edition of 1664.

P. 47.—TO A FAIR LADY PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

Keck says, "'Twas formerly not unusual among our English ladies for coolness in y^e^ hot weather to carry a snake in their sleeve."

P. 48.—INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

In the original edition of this poem, after the title as given in the text, "Ut, qui vos Imperatores vestros, & Anglorum Res gestas semper ornavit, Humanitate vestrâ levatus, potius quam acerbitate violatus esse videatur. Cicero pro Arch. Poet. By Edm. Waller Esq; London, Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor on the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1666." Small folio, title and eight leaves, A2—E.

Waller, no doubt, derived the idea of this form of composition from the poem of Businello (see II. 28), and he himself was imitated by Denham, Marvell, and others, to such an extent that, in 1680, the writer of a broadside was provoked to revolt against the practice—

> "Each puny brother of the rhyming trade
> At every turn implores the Painter's aid,
> And fondly enamour'd of his own foul brat,
> Cries in an ecstacy, Paint this, Draw that!"

For the events celebrated in this poem, cf. Dryden, "Annus Mirabilis."

P. 48, *l.* 7.—The star appeared Dec. 24, 1664.

P. 49, *l.* 34.—Alluding to the orders sent to de Ruyter to return with the Smyrna and East India ships by the coasts of Norway and Denmark.

P. 49, *ll.* 39-41.—The Dutch Bordeaux fleet, together with other merchant-ships, to the number of more than a hundred and thirty, was captured and condemned by the English in Nov., 1664, before the declaration of war, while Opdam was lying at Goree.

P. 50, *ll.* 49-50.—In Oct., 1664, Sir Thomas Allen concluded a peace with the Algerines.

P. 50, *l.* 64.—The MS. in the copy which belonged to Col. Cunningham, to which I have before alluded, ends with this line.

P. 51, *l.* 94.—The English Hamburg fleet, missing a vessel which had been sent to warn them of the departure of the Duke of York for the coast of England, set sail, and was nearly all captured by the Dutch.

P. 53, *l.* 138.—Opdam commanded the combined fleets of Holland and Denmark and defeated the Swedes in the Sound, in 1658.

P. 53, *l.* 141.—Cf. Dryden, "Annus Mirabilis," st. 59—

"On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride."

P. 53, *l.* 147.—The Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle, second son of the Earl of Burlington.

P. 55, *l.* 213.—Cf. Dryden, "Annus Mirabilis," st. 280—"And eager flames give on to storm the rest," and "Indian Emperor," act ii., sc. 3, "The enemy gives on, by fury led."

P. 56, *ll.* 237-40.—Cf. Fuller, "David's Heinous Sin," st. 39—

"Were there not used, in the days of yore,
Enough men-murdering engines, but our age
Witty in wickedness, must make them more,
By new-found plots, man's malice to enrage?
So that fire-spitting cannons to the cost
Of Christian blood, all valour have engross'd,
Whose finding makes that many a life is lost."

P. 61.—UPON HER MAJESTY'S NEW BUILDINGS AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

Henrietta Maria returned to England in December, 1660, and took up her residence at Somerset House, which she enlarged and beautified.

Waller's lines first appeared as a broadside in 1665.

Cf. Cowley's poem on the same subject, and "The Speech of Her Majesty the Queen Mother's Palace, Upon the Reparation and Enlargement of it by Her Majesty," 1665.

P. 63.—EPITAPH ON THE ONLY SON OF LORD ANDOVER.

These lines are carved upon the tomb of John Howard, son of Charles, Viscount Andover (eldest son of the Earl of Berkshire), who was buried in Ewelme Church, Oxfordshire, August 5, 1663.

P. 64.—TO MR. KILLIGREW, &c.

These lines, headed "Of Pandoras not being approved upon the stage as a Tragedy," were published in 1665, with "Three Playes Written by Sir William Killigrew, Vice-Chamberlain to Her Majesty the Queen Consort." Sir William Killigrew, the eldest of the five sons of Sir Robert Killigrew, was born at Hanworth in 1605; he was governor of Pendennis Castle, and commanded two troops of the King's Guard throughout the Civil War; at the Restoration he became Gentleman-Usher to the King, and later, Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen Consort. He died in 1693.

P. 65.—EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

Frances Theresa, daughter of William Stuart, third son of the first Lord Blantyre, sat to Roettier, the medallist, as a model for Britannia. Pepys says (Feb. 25, 1667), "At my goldsmiths did observe the King's new medal, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life I think; and a pretty thing it is that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by."

Cf. Marvell, "Last Instructions to a Painter," 714, "And female Stewart there rules the four seas," alluding to the inscription "Quatuor Maria Vindico," which surrounded the figure of Britannia.

P. 68.—OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

Lines 15-20 of this poem are supplied from a transcript in Mr. Waller's possession, in which the title is, "On the Lady Isabella [Thynne's] cutting Trees in Paper.' (See p. 90.) There is a note at the end of the poem, "I had these verses from my Lady Long in 1656. Her Lap had several other copies of Mr. Waller's verses (of which Mr. Waller had not duplicats) which she lent to the Dutches of Beaufort, and were never return'd. Their friendship is now broken: but I hope her Grace will be so kind as to grant transcripts of them upon ye reprinting of ye book." The poem first appeared in the "1668" edition.

P. 69.—TO A LADY FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED THE FOREGOING COPY, &c.

In the late Col. Cunningham's copy this was headed, "To Mrs. Steward who brought him the

verses he had lost, and was then sitting to Mr. Lilly for her picture."

P. 71.—TO THE DUCHESS, WHEN HE PRESENTED THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

These lines, headed "This Booke, never Dedicated to any before, humbly desires the Patronage of hir R. Highness," are inscribed in a copy of the edition of 1668, now in the British Museum. Mary of Modena arrived in England Nov. 21, 1673, but as this volume has also inscribed in it the lines on the Death of the Duke of Cambridge, it was probably not presented to her till after the event which they commemorate.

P. 72.—TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

The Duchess of Orleans, "la belle Henriette," took leave of the Court at Dover, June 2, 1670, returned to St. Cloud, and died on the 30th of the same month.

P. 73.—TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR, &c.

George, first Earl of Berkeley (1628-1698), published "Historical Applications and Occasional Meditations Upon Several Subjects, Written by a Person of Honour," in 1666. Waller's lines were prefixed to a French translation of this work published in the following year.

P. 74.—OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, MOTHER TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

These lines did not appear among Waller's poems till 1686, when no doubt the title was added to them,

Mary, Princess of Orange (born Nov. 4, 1631), died Dec. 24, 1660, and Ann, Duchess of York, in 1671.

P. 75.—ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I.

This statue was cast, about 1630, by Hubert Le Sœur for the Lord Treasurer Weston, who intended to set it up in his gardens at Roehampton. Before it could be removed from the place, near the church in Covent Garden, where it was cast, the Civil War began, and the Parliament sold it to John Rivett, a brazier, with strict orders to break it up. Rivett is said to have disposed of hundreds of knives, the handles of which, he said, were made from the bronze of the statue, but on May 16, 1660, the Earl of Portland, the son of the Lord Treasurer, informed the House of Lords that he had discovered where the statue was hid, and as he supposed it was his, he asked that the Sheriff might serve a replevin, there being no court of law to which he could resort; as, however, Rivett subsequently presented it to the King, it may be inferred that his right was recognized. It was set up in its present position in 1674.

P. 75.—EPITAPH ON COLONEL CHARLES CAVENDISH.

Charles Cavendish, second son of William, second Earl of Devonshire, was born in London, May 20, 1620. After spending some time in travelling, and in gaining military experience in Holland, he returned to England in 1642, and at once began to distinguish himself in the Civil War. He was slain in an engagement at Gainsborough, July 28, 1643, and was buried at Newark; his remains were removed and laid by those of his mother at Derby, in 1675, when this epitaph was probably written.

P. 77.—THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

The Duchess of Mazarin arrived in England in 1675. Chloris is probably the Duchess of Cleveland. Evelyn speaks of seeing "the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin."

P. 77, *l.* 20.—The Duchess of Portsmouth was born in Lower Bretagne, which was known as "Little Britain."

P. 78, *l.* 42.—Alluding to the ravages committed by the French under Turenne in Alsace.

P. 79.—UPON OUR LATE LOSS OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

Charles, Duke of Cambridge, the first son of the Duke of York by Mary of Modena, was born Nov. 7, 1677, and died when he was about a month old.

P. 80.—OF THE LADY MARY, &c.

The Prince of Orange landed at Harwich, Oct. 9, 1677, and was married to Princess Mary on Nov. 4, following. Mr. H. Buxton Forman has a copy of this poem printed on a single sheet of foolscap (folio); without title page, but bearing on p. 4 the imprint "In the Savoy : | Printed by T. N. for *Henry Herringman*, at the | Anchor on the New Exchange. 1677."

P. 82.—TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

First printed in Chalmers' British Poets, 1810.

P. 84.—ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S EXPEDITION.

The expedition was rendered necessary by a rebellion following on the murder of Archbishop Sharp, May 3, 1679. The Duke gained a decisive victory over the Covenanters at Bothwell-bridge, June 22, 1679.

P. 85, *ll.* 46 *ad fin.*—These lines are supplied from the common-place book of the poet's son.

P. 86.—UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

These lines were published in 1680 with a translation of the "Ars Poetica" by Wentworth Dillon, fourth Earl of Roscommon. Lord Roscommon (1633?-1685) was also the author of "An Essay upon Translated Verse," and is distinguished as the first critic who publicly praised "Paradise Lost."

P. 86, *ll.* 7-8.—Cf. II. 96, ll. 7-8.

P. 86, *ll.* 11-12.—Cf. Pope, "Essay on Criticism," 86-7.

> "The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
> Shows most true mettle when you check his course."

P. 87, *ll.* 23-8.—Cf. II. 98, ll. 9-14.

P. 89.—OF AN ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON, &c.

Mrs. Wharton, the wife of Thomas, eldest son of Philip, Lord Wharton, was daughter and co-heiress with the Countess of Abingdon, of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley in Oxfordshire: her great-aunt was the Earl of Rochester's mother.

P. 90.—TO MR. CREECH, &c.

Fenton says that this poem is not Waller's, but in the Epistle Dedicatory to George Pitt, Esq. (2nd edition of the translation of Lucretius), Creech says, "But it would be improper to be my own trumpet, and Mr. Waller, Mr. Evelyn, and a Thousand more beside the publick approbation have freed me from all the little disturbances of Cavils." Thomas Creech (born 1659), Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, was

the author of translations of portions of Ovid, Juvenal, Horace, &c.; he took orders in 1699, and was presented by his college to the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, but committed suicide in the following year.

P. 92.—SUNG BY MRS. KNIGHT, &c.

The Queen was born on St. Catherine's Day, and was frequently painted in the character of that Saint. Mrs. Knight is frequently mentioned by Pepys and Evelyn, and "Orinda" tells "Poliarchus" she would be more proud to have one assurance from him, than to have her verses "composed by Will. Lawes, were he still alive, and sung by Mrs. Knight."

P. 94.—OF TEA, COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

This is, as far as I have been able to discover, the first poem in English written in praise of tea, which was in Waller's time an article of luxury. It became a fashionable beverage at Court, owing to the example of the Queen, who had been accustomed to it in Portugal, and the treatise of Bontekoe, a Dutch physician, published in 1678, setting forth its medicinal virtues, led to its general use in many parts of Europe.

P. 94, *l.* 1.—Cf. Virgil, Ecl. vii. 62, "Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo."

P. 100.—OF THE INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

The Turks, under the Grand Vizier, Cara Mustapha, laid siege to Vienna in July, 1683, but on Sept. 10 they were driven from the walls in great disorder by John Sobieski, king of Poland. To shield himself from the obloquy of this defeat, the

Sultan was compelled to sacrifice his favourite, the Grand Vizier, who was strangled at Belgrade, Dec. 25, 1683.

P. 100, *l.* 16.—Ibrahim, the father of the Sultan Mahomet, had been deposed and strangled in 1649.

P. 101, *l.* 23.—The Grand Vizier had ordered the execution of the Bassa of Buda, on the pretended ground that he had failed in performing his duty in an engagement with the Imperialists before Vienna.

P. 101, *ll.* 39-40.—Cf. II. 106, ll. 1-2.

P. 103.—A PRESAGE OF THE RUIN OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

P. 105. "Ausus et ipse," &c. Virgil. *Æn.* v. 499.

P. 106.—TO HIS MAJESTY, UPON HIS MOTTO, &c.

This poem, reprinted here for the first time, is found in some copies of the edition of 1686, on a separate leaf inserted after the Table of Contents. Buda fell September 2, 1686, so it was probably written while the book was going through the press.

P. 107.—EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

Sir George Speke, second Baronet, was the son of Hugh Speke of Hasilbury, who died July 15, 1661. Sir George represented Bath and Chippenham in several Parliaments, and died Jan. 14, 1682. His mother (born Mayney) was Waller's niece.

P. 109.—EPITAPH ON HENRY DUNCH, ESQ.

This gentleman was a member of the family of Dunch, settled at Newington, a branch of the family of the same name of Little Wittenham, in Berkshire: they were connected by marriage with both Cromwell and Waller.

P. 111.—TO MR. GRANVILLE.

George Granville, or Grenville, second son of Bernard Granville, was born in 1667; he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1677, and before he was twelve years old recited verses of his own to the Duchess of York when she visited the University. He was created Lord Lansdowne, Dec. 30, 1711, and died Jan. 30, 1735. Johnson says of him, "he had no ambition above the imitation of Waller, of whom he has copied the faults and very little more."

P. 114.—EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

Lady Sedley, mother of the poet, was the daughter of Sir Henry Savil, the learned Provost of Eton.

P. 115, *ll.* 27-8.—Cf. Walpole, *Account of Lord Somers*, "one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remain unprofaned, while all the rest is Tyranny, Corruption, and Folly."

P. 116.—UPON A LADY'S FISHING.

Printed here for the first time from a MS. in the Library of the Royal Society.

P. 118.—ON MRS. HIGGONS.

These lines were first printed by Chalmers, in 1810.

P. 119.—DIVINE POEMS.

Waller's "Divine Poems" were, with the exception of the lines on "The Fear of God," collected and published in 1685. Mr. Robert Hoe has a copy of this rare book; another is in the library of Mr. H. Buxton Forman, who has very kindly allowed me to collate it.

Divine | Poems. | By Edmond Waller Esq;

Licensed, | Octob. 3. 1685 | Rob. Midgley. | In the Savoy : | Printed for Henry Herringman ; and are to | be sold by Jos. Knight and Fran. Saun- | ders, at the Sign of the Anchor in the | Lower Walk of the New-Exchange in the | Strand. 1685. A 2—C 2 in eights.

P. 127, *l.* 18.—This line was correctly printed in the editions of 1682 and 1686, but in that of 1694, by some accident, the word "Nature" dropped out ; the editor of the next edition substituted "several," which has since appeared in the text, and destroyed the sense.

P. 130.—The Latin lines are adapted from Lucretius iii. 11-16, omitting l. 15—

> "Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
> Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta,
> Aurea perpetua semper dignissima vita,
> Nam simul ac ratio tua cœpit vociferari.
> . . . . . .
> Diffugiunt animi terrores"—

and Ovid, De Trist, iv. 1. 2-3, and 43-44—

> "Sic ubi mota calent viridi mea pectora thyrso
> Altior," &c.

P. 144.—OF THE LAST VERSES IN THE BOOK.

Mr. Waller has a transcript of these lines, headed, "The last verses my dear ffather made."

P. 144, *ll.* 12-13.—Fuller says of Monica, the mother of Augustine, "her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body."

Cf. Pope, "Dunciad," iv. 125-26—

> "And you, my Critics, in the chequer'd shade,
> Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made."

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